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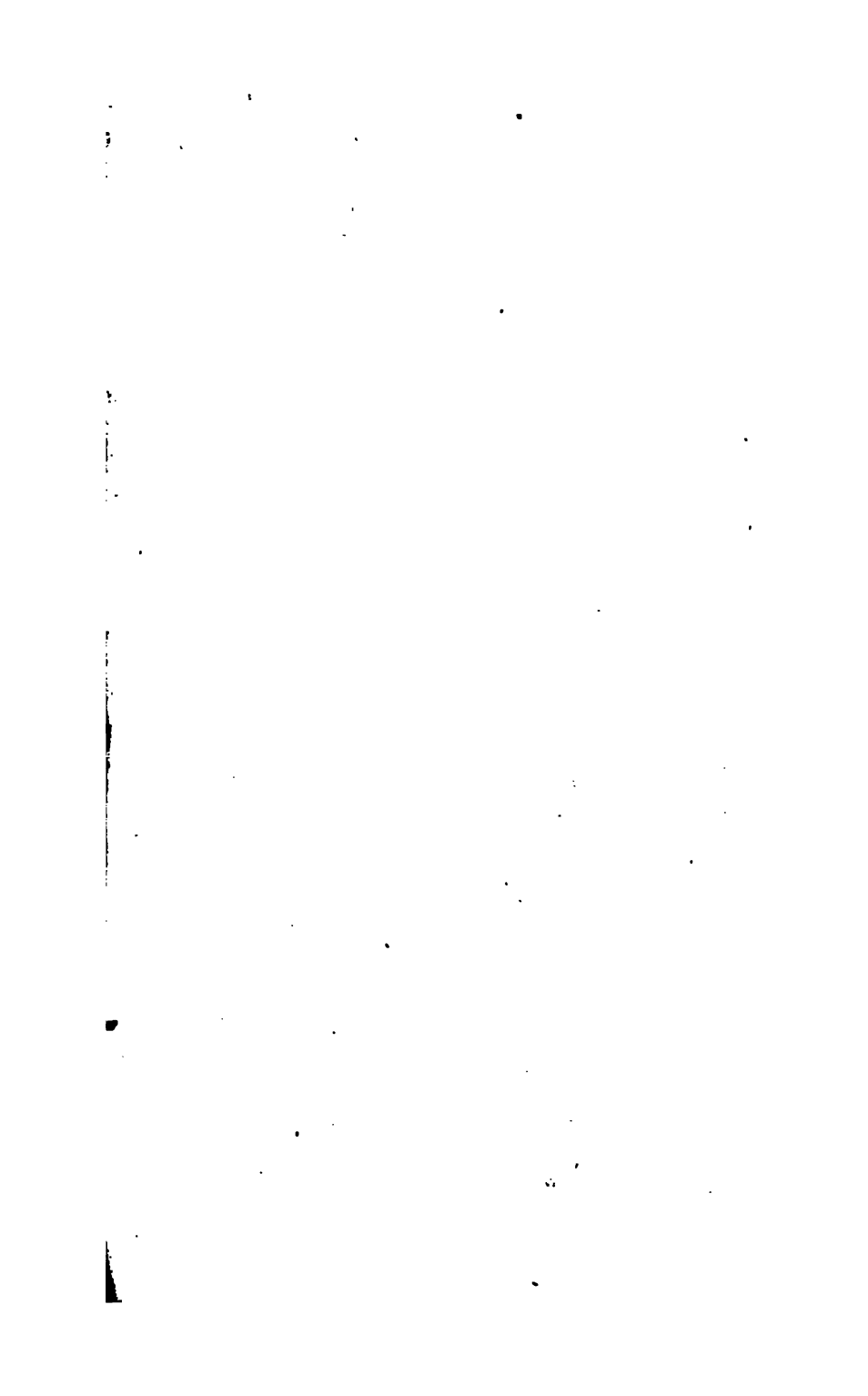


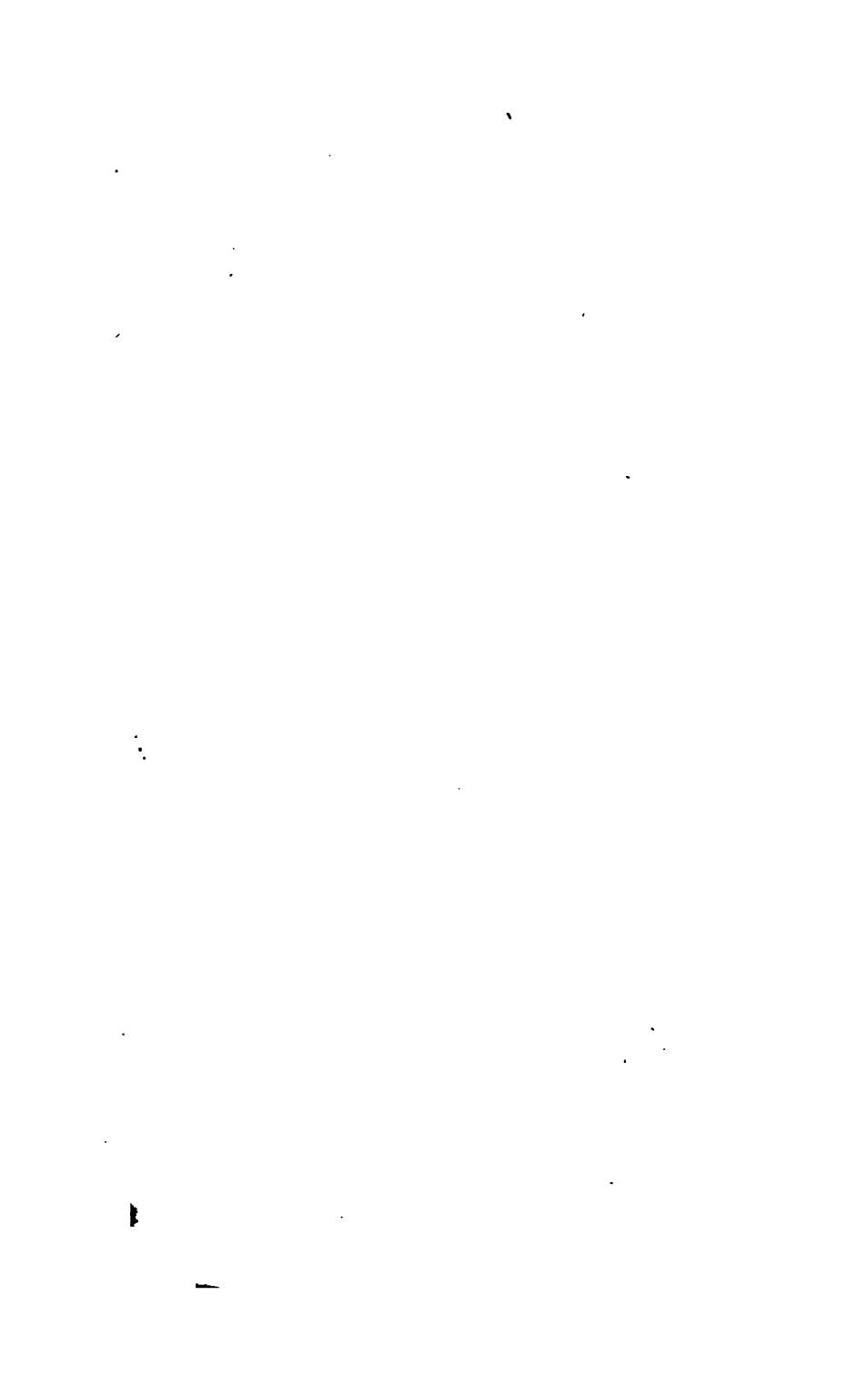
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2





THERESA.



A ROMANCE.

Printed by J. Darling, Leadenhall-Street, London.

一、關於「中國」的定義
「中國」一詞，在歷史上，有兩種不同的用法。一種是用來指稱一個具體的國家，即「中國」；另一種是用來指稱一個抽象的國家，即「中國」。在歷史上，「中國」一詞的用法，經歷了長期的演變。在周代，「中國」一詞，是指稱一個具體的國家，即「中國」。在春秋戰國時期，「中國」一詞，是指稱一個抽象的國家，即「中國」。在漢代，「中國」一詞，是指稱一個具體的國家，即「中國」。在唐宋時期，「中國」一詞，是指稱一個抽象的國家，即「中國」。在明清時期，「中國」一詞，是指稱一個具體的國家，即「中國」。在現代，「中國」一詞，是指稱一個抽象的國家，即「中國」。

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THERESA;

OR,

THE WIZARD'S FATE.

A Romance.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

BY

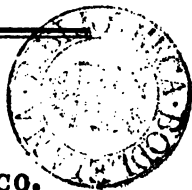
A MEMBER OF THE INNER TEMPLE.

Τέτταρας Βιβλους εξέποησαμιν, αναθημα μιν Ερωτι, καὶ
Νυμφαῖς καὶ Πανί, κτήμα δι τερπνον πασὶν ἀνθρώποις, ὃ
καὶ νοσοῦντα ἰασιταὶ καὶ λυπουμένοι παραμυθησεται, τον
ερασθέντα αναμνήσει, τον οὐκ ερασθέντα παιδίσυσι.

LONGUS.

VOL. I.

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THERESA.



CHAP. I.

Even in their ashes live their wonted fires. GRAY.

HENRY de Montfort, left a destitute orphan in early youth, was brought up in the castle of his noble kinsman, the lord Amersville, as the playmate and fellow-student of Isabel de Montfort, the only child of that nobleman. The castle of Amersville was situated in a wild and lonely part of Derbyshire; and as the children had no companions of their own rank, and were not permitted to associate with the young *villains* of the hamlet, it was not



to be wondered at, if, obliged to rely constantly on each other for amusement, and all the pleasures that social intercourse affords, they became fondly attached.

As they advanced to maturity, their attachment strengthened; their life was solitary and retired—their business, combined study in a wind-swept turret, or beneath a spreading oak—their pleasures, a ramble through wild wood-walks, in friendly contest who should cull the first primrose from the sunny bank, or catch the first note of the cuckoo. They loved, and the grandeur and solemn silence of nature, amidst which they grew, impressed their love with a character more tender, dignified, romantic, and refined, than is borne by that passion amidst the bustle of pleasure, or the distractions of business. They loved—happy if they had received from nature hearts less susceptible, for their love was a flower that bloomed but to perish.

When

When Isabel had attained her eighteenth year, she was commanded by her father to receive as her future husband the young Edgar Walsingham, heir to the earldom of Ecclesfield; and in the times when Isabel lived, no virgin of eighteen thought of disobeying the command of a parent, however inconsistent it might be with her inclinations.

The command was to the lovers a thunder-clap, chasing a pleasant dream; they had been too busy with their love to ask themselves whether it could ever be indulged; perhaps they feared to dispel a delusion that was happiness.

They might have fled; a mountain's solitude, a latticed cottage, and a bed of leaves, was in the mind of each; but each was silent. The thought of the paternal curse sat heavy on the soul of the timid Isabel, and the apprehension of beholding the darling of his heart expire amidst the privations of poverty and the pangs

of remorse, was still in the mind of Henry.

Aware that the lord of Amersville was not to be won from his purpose, they yielded, without letting him know the sacrifice he was exacting; but Henry could not bear to see his mistress in the arms of another; he asked and obtained permission to go abroad—clasped the pale Isabel in a strained embrace, while the convulsive sobs of each testified the anguish that oppressed them—then slung over his shoulder a haversack containing all his worldly wealth, gained an eminence that overhung the castle with hurried steps, and turned to view once again the place where he had been loved.

A white handkerchief waved from the window of the turret where he and Isabel had beguiled many a winter's evening, reading of chivalrous deeds, of love successful, or blighted, as his was now. As he stood, his heart seemed swollen and pent within

within his breast ; he would have wept, but could not ; he turned, and as he descended the southern side of the hill, which soon hid the castle from his view, he felt that all his hopes of happiness in this world had vanished for ever.

Isabel married, and was an exemplary wife and mother ; but in every pleasure of her after life there was a thought—in every sadder hour there was a tear for Henry ; she chid herself for it, but she could not help it.

Man feels not the restraint of delicacy so forcibly as woman : Henry settled in Venice, then the emporium of eastern commerce, and by engaging in that commerce, became wealthy ; he wedded an amiable woman, who was willing to cherish his worth, though he confessed the state of his heart : an epidemic distemper broke out, to which she and three lovely babes she had borne him fell victims.

His heart was riven by each successive blow, yet when time had mellowed his

grief, and he could, in tranquil resignation, compare the severity of his several misfortunes, he felt that the hour which had separated him from the maid he had loved in the ardour of youth, was fraught with greater bitterness than any that had succeeded it.

Respected and beloved by all who knew him, he arrived near the term of human existence, and felt a wish growing in his heart that his ashes might repose in the place of his nativity. He transmitted his property to England, and soon followed himself. He had learned from several English travellers who had visited Venice, the more prominent events of Isabel's life, subsequent to his expatriation; she was recently a widow, and her children were all happily married and settled in the world. Perhaps this intelligence was the real motive of his return. His mistress was old, and he was old, but both were free from worldly ties, and might spend the few days that remained to them in mutual and unmolested

molested recollection of joys that were long past; and perhaps such converse might be a gleam of sunshine, whose soft, yet glowing light, would cheer the parting spirit, and compensate for the sorrows that had clouded life.

They met: age extinguishes the baser part of passion, but leaves the purer essence untouched; never did the heart of youthful maiden beat with quicker throb than did that of the venerable dowager of Ecclesfield, when de Montfort was announced. Temperance had blessed Henry with a robust old age, yet his knees shook beneath him as he ascended the stairs.

Each had been assured repeatedly by their associates, that they were very little altered, and when they were seated together, perhaps a stranger might have said that it would be difficult to find a more stately or dignified pair; but each was thinking of what the other had been: Isabel looked steadfastly in the face of Henry, and missed the fire that was used to glow in

his eye, and the dark curl that overhung his brow; it had yielded to time, leaving only a few hairs scattered upon his smooth and shining temples: Henry moulded her bony, shrivelled fingers in his hand, remembering the time when they were soft as the cygnet's down, and their every touch sent fire through his frame. They wept.

The next day they met with less agitation, and in a short time each became accustomed to the alterations which the relentless hand of time had effected in the other: they soon became inseparable; they could not revive the mysterious, undefined, and exquisite feelings which drew them to each other when they wandered amidst the solitudes of Amersville, but they could talk of them, and that was joy. The children and grandchildren of Isabel were at first inclined to be jealous of the intruder, but their jealousy soon gave way to affection, for he was formed by nature to be loved.

It was at a grand festival, to defray the
expences

expences of which the prudent Henry VII. had relaxed of his economy, to grace the anniversary of the young Prince of Wales's birthday, that Henry de Montfort, seated by the side of his ancient, but honoured Isabel, had his attention forcibly arrested by a young person who was led out by the prince to dance, and who acquitted herself with so much grace and elegance, that she seemed to divide the admiration even of the most experienced court sycophants with her royal partner, while she absorbed that of all the other spectators. The eye of de Montfort rested on her with astonishment and delight, as, with flexible and easy movement, she glided before him in the minuet, or with light and agile bound, acknowledged the influence of sprightlier melody. His aged mistress was by his side, but she was before him clothed in all the freshness of youth, adorned by all the witching softness of eye and gesture that had characterized the young recluse of Amersville. Isabel

marked, and seemed pleased with his perplexity, and on being questioned, avowed that the fair stranger was her grand-daughter.

"He thought he had been introduced to all her descendants?"

"This one was reckoned uncommonly like her, and she wished to take him by surprise."

She had been recently married in the country, and was now presented at court in consequence of that event.

The young countess of Ellesmere now extricated herself from an host of admirers, and having seated herself by her grandmother, was formally introduced to de Montfort, who, if he was surprised by her personal resemblance to Isabel, was still more so by the close affinity of feeling and sentiment which he discovered in her remarks. Delighted at having, as it were, found his mistress again young, again blooming, he retired at a late hour to his couch, warmed with a gratification too poignant

poignant for his years, to ruminate on a project which had suggested itself to him in the course of the evening; it was a romantic project, but therefore the more suited to his nature: his mind was romantic—his life had been a romance; in the lesser cares of existence, which, if difficult and multiplied, debase while they corrode the soul, he had been successful, while he had bled profusely from those heavier strokes of adversity, which, though they deeply wound the spirit, and fill it with melancholy, at the same time beget in it sweet, sublime, and delightfully wild emotions.

When de Montfort had returned to his native land, it was soon buzzed abroad that he had returned rich, and the descendants of those relations who had forsaken his father and himself when indigent, now flocked around him, emulously obsequious.

He accepted their attentions with good humour, though aware of their source, but

was still in doubt as to how he should dispose of his property, when he first beheld Adelaide lady Ellesmere. His plan was sketched and decided on, beneath the fascination of her artless smile, and her artless eloquence; from the male part of his relatives he would select a youth, who, beneath his own eye, should be formed into a man worthy of being the husband of the first image of Isabel to whom Adelaide should give birth: the union of the young pair, in whom would be found a rare assemblage of all that nature, all that culture could bestow, was to be the condition of his ample inheritance. He was not too old to indulge the hope that he might live to witness in that union an image of the joy that had been so rudely wrested from his grasp.

But the young people might not like each other, and compulsion in a case of this kind was above all things abhorrent to his feelings; but he would not compel; to make his inheritance the condition of a certain act, when there was no particular claim

claim on it, was no way inequitable or severe; besides, there could be no doubt of mutual inclination. Adelaide was the living image of her grandmother, and her daughter would resemble her in the same degree; and how could a pliant youth, whom he would impress with his own habits, feelings, and sentiments, fail to adore a youthful, when to him even an aged Isabel was so dear? All difficulties vanished as soon nearly as they occurred; and a lad was immediately selected, and a will made in his favour, on the condition of espousing the embryo damsel, who, if he should refuse to do so, was to enjoy the forfeited inheritance.

The choice of de Montfort appeared to have been made with judgment.

Edward Rivers, who had just entered his sixth year, was an open, ardent, enterprising, intelligent, and not indocile lad; after a year's experience, his cousin, whom the birth of the young bride had rendered more sanguine than ever, entertained good hopes

hopes of the success of his scheme, though he perceived a certain mixture of vanity and petulance in the character of the boy, which had as yet been proof against all attempts at eradication.

Such was the posture of affairs when Isabel yielded up her gentle spirit to him who had imparted it, pure and undefiled as she had received it.

Her remains were deposited beneath a sumptuous monument erected to the memory of her sire, in the chapel of Amersville castle; and after a few intervening moons, an humble slab, on which its noon-tide shadow fell, covered the ashes of de Montfort. The aged sculptor of the hamlet, who had known him when a boy, chiselled the initials of the deceased in his own rude style, and formed beneath them the effigy of a gallant vessel lowering her sails in a secure haven, by the side of her consort, from whom she had parted company in a storm.

The more ingenious and learned of the
villagers

villagers collected that this was the meaning of the device, from the motto beneath,

"To part no more."

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

Helas ! Jeunesse apprend trop bien le mal,
 L'animal, dis-je, eloquent et docile,
 En moins de rien fut rudement habile.
 Bien vite, il sçut jurer et maugréer
 Mieux qu'un vieux diable au fond d'un benitier.
 Il dementit les celebres maximes,
 Où nous lisons qu'on ne vient aux grands crimes,
 Que par degré. Il fut un scélérat
 Profés d'abord, et sans noviciat.

GRESSET.

.....

Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
 As quarrellous as the weazel.

SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN the young Isabel, presumptive heir-
 ess to the earl of Ellesmere, had attained
 her sixth year, she lost her father ; and the
 dowager countess, in all the bloom and fra-
 grance of life, resolved to consecrate the
 remainder of her days to the memory of a
 husband she tenderly loved, obeying the
 impulses

impulses of the romantic spirit of her family, with which she was deeply imbued. She had inherited from her grandmother the castle and domains of Amersville, and thither, having resolved to retire there in future, and devote herself to the education of her daughter, she had the remains of her lord conveyed; and often exhausted with the poignant emotions of a widowed heart, turned from his tomb to indulge in calmer, less oppressive sorrow, over those of Isabel and de Montfort.

Adelaide had received from nature the gift of exquisite beauty, and the cares of her friends had given her grace and accomplishments; she was thankful to them, rather because those gifts pleased *them*, than because she herself set any intrinsic value on them; but she was doubly thankful when they enabled her to fix the affections of the lord of Ellesmere; again they had become insignificant in her eyes, for he who smiled elate with love, and the pride of possessing a perfect creature, and
told

told her she was beauteous, and graceful, and elegant, was gone, and the compliment from the mouth of another would be harsh and dissonant. That she was reckless of in herself, she could not duly appreciate in another, and she therefore resisted all the remonstrances of her friends, who urged the necessity of providing the usual instructions in the more showy branches of education for the lady Isabel; the masters, who taught them, would have interrupted her solitude, and she was yet too covetous of grief to spare an hour from the memory of Ellesmere.

The lady Isabel was therefore consigned almost wholly to the tuition of the abbot of a neighbouring monastery, who had retired early from the world, and had devoted every hour he could spare from his spiritual avocations to the pursuits of literature and science. He soon loved the docile child as if she was his own; but he could teach only what he knew, and he could value little else. Isabel was consequently

quently in imminent danger of becoming a pedant as well as a scholar, for the abbot was not a person who thought it at all expedient to hide his candle under a bushel; and the display of erudition, which, to his infinite astonishment, did not always beget in his auditors that pleasure it was meant to convey, he inculcated in the mind of his pupil as a duty by no means to be neglected, calculated as it was to obtain for her the love and admiration of all classes of persons, as well those who could mingle with her in learned converse, as those who would derive benefit from the instruction she would impart. The fact was, that the good qualities of the abbot's heart had procured him many friends; and he who saw nothing in affability, condescension, faith, honour, charity, but the ordinary attributes of man, always imputed to his learning (which he plainly saw was not common) the favour they had won for him from high and low.

The education of the future bridegroom
was

was somewhat differently ordered from that of his destined spouse ; on the death of de Montfort, he had fallen back into the hands of his father, a man who chiefly piqued himself on the elegance of his person, and the fact of his having debauched more women than Edward the Fourth—a monarch whom he considered by far the best by whom the country had been ever governed, and from the cause of whose house, he was used to say he would never have flinched, had it remained unassociated with that of Lancaster ; so much did he venerate the memory of the truly great.

With such an example as this person afforded before his eyes, the untoward qualities we have noticed in the young Edward, who, by the way, had been called after his sire's tutelar saint, were, as it is natural to suppose, rather fostered than repressed : a large portion of his kinsman's property was assigned by his will to defray the expences of his education, and he was rapidly becoming the most learned and accomplished

accomplished youth of the age; but he was by no means anxious to conceal his acquirements; on the contrary, the insolent triumphs with which he displayed them involved him in frequent contests, in which unhappily his skill and activity almost always brought him off victorious, even when his rival was much older, much stronger, and much taller than himself.

His father's instructions too were not at all lost upon him; he had scarcely passed his tenth year, when he could ogle a pretty woman with as soft an eye, and as coaxing a smile, as his preceptor himself; and was soon the darling of all the ladies about the court who painted, though it must be confessed, that when he ventured beyond that circle, he seldom failed of being taxed with rudeness, and sometimes even received a box on the ear.

His admiration of the sex, like that of his sire, was confined, however, to their persons; he could, with very gentlemanlike emphasis, curse the pretty idiot for talking
about

about what Heaven had removed from her comprehension ; and when a woman had the misfortune to incline towards even that department of ugliness which we designate by the epithet *plain*, she was sure, in any intercourse she might be so unlucky as to have with him, to experience his most unqualified and undisguised contempt.

He had completed his thirteenth year, when the lady Ellesmere, who was anxious to ascertain what progress he was making in learning and virtue, requested his father to send him to Amersville on a visit to his little wife, as Isabel had been taught to call herself from her cradle.

To the father, who was then busy in a love-affair with a maid of honour, it was a matter of great indifference whether he accepted the invitation or not ; and the matter being consequently left to himself, curiosity and the love of novelty, together with a certain degree of shame and humiliation he felt in the presence of his companions, in consequence of his having been
at

at length worsted in a pugilistic contest with a playmate only four years older than himself, determined him to go.

Several of the estates of the deceased lord Ellesmere lay between London and Amersville, and at some of these the superintendant, at others a wealthy farmer, was enjoined to receive the young gentleman, with all the attention and respect due to one who was ere long to be their lord.

It was late in the month of September, when he set out on horseback, attended by a single servant : it was one of those calm, sunshiny, lovely days, that draws unpremeditated, and almost unconscious thanksgiving from the mouth of the husbandman. The many-coloured foliage of the woods, the harmony with which they were filled, every rural sound and image, had for our young traveller, besides its intrinsic attractions, the additional one of novelty, for he had scarcely been without the precincts of London, since the death of de Montfort, who,

who, whenever he wished to amend or improve his heart, was used to administer his lessons in the course of what appeared a casual ramble to some sequestered village in the vicinage of the metropolis, for he felt how great an influence solitude had had in purifying his own mind. Edward had felt the goodness of his patron, and had grieved sincerely for his death. The scenes of gaiety and dissipation of which he then became a witness, soon drove him from his mind; but he now, after a long interval, remembered him amidst scenes such as he had been teaching him to love; the feeling attendant on the recollection was at first pleasing, but there was a melancholy mingled with it, which the youth had been taught to consider the most pernicious of all sensations; and conceiving it his duty to dissipate it as soon as possible, he clapped spurs to his horse, and carolling, as he galloped on, the last *vaudeville galante* which his father's new mistress had imported from the Parisian court, he soon arrived

arrived at the place where he was to pass the night.

Here he found an hospitable reception from one of the persons appointed by the countess to have the honour of entertaining him. His host was at first charmed by the vivacity and elegance of his young guest, but still more by the steady attention with which he listened to his detailed explanations of the several branches of rural economy; but this satisfaction soon gave way to disappointment and dislike, when happening to turn suddenly round, in the midst of a long and earnestly-delivered period, replete with agricultural wisdom, which he had almost feared was too abstruse for the intellects of any boy, however intelligent, he perceived him wink at his valet, his countenance being relaxed into a broad grin, and then immediately resume a grave and attentive look, not imagining that he had been observed.

The good bailiff discontinued his geographical lectures, and also his entreaties that his

young guest would protract his stay ; and before he departed the next morning, it required all the respect he felt towards his much honoured lady, to prevent him having recourse to manual correction, on finding the rude urchin thrusting his hands into the bosom of a young and beautiful woman he had recently married.

Our hero's time of life (for with all his faults he is our hero) does not as yet render him of sufficient importance to justify a detail of the multiplicity of adventures he met with in the course of his journey, which occupied near a fortnight ; for so much was he pleased with the several quarters in which he was lodged, that but for the urgent entreaties of his attendant, the time appointed for his return to London would have arrived before he had got within a hundred miles of Amersville.

In one hamlet he personated a ghost, by the aid of a sheet and a phial of phosphorus, and left behind him an impression of terror that for many years peopled that
part

part of the country with monstrous and intangible shapes.

In another he levied a troop of young rustics, and headed them in an expedition against the gardens of a Benedictine monastery ; the place was taken by a *coup-de-main*, a large mastiff who garrisoned an out-work being slain, and a corpulent lay-brother, who conducted the defence, compelled, on pain of sharing his fate, to wade up to his neck to a pedestal in the midst of a capacious bason of ice-cold water, and assume the station of a leaden Mercury prostrated by a recent storm. Our hero led the forlorn hope himself, and was the only person wounded by the mastiff. The victors were about to return, laden with spoil, when a reinforcement of the enemy, consisting of a number of the labourers attached to the convent, arrived, and after a desperate combat, the whole host was captured, despoiled of their booty, and subjected to a chastisement little meet for the votaries of valour and heroic achievement,

the captain alone being permitted to depart scot-free, on account of his rank ; the Benedictines on this occasion regulating their conduct on the policy (more useful, perhaps, than just) of William the Conqueror, who, as we find related in history, was used to leave the leaders of insurrections secure and tranquil in the enjoyment of their several possessions, while he maimed, mutilated, and slaughtered their unfortunate adherents.

It was with much shame and sorrow that the lady Ellesmere heard, some time after the conclusion of our hero's visit, of his deviations from a sober line of conduct ; but she was particularly shocked at hearing from a near relation, the abbess of a convent, whom he had visited the day before he arrived at Amersville, at her express desire, that having left him in the parlour for a short time, while she was occupied in the duties of her station, she overheard him, on her return, singing a roundelay, extremely offensive to the ears of vestal purity

city, having bargained for a kiss through the grate from half-a-dozen young novices, distant relations of his, who were permitted to see him ; and who, to her infinite scandal, notwithstanding that they expressed much anger at being entrapped, (for he had talked of singing a hymn,) yet punctually fulfilled their part of a contract which he had so shamefully violated. The abbess, on overhearing what was going forward, was so horror-struck, that she had not power to prevent the completion of the iniquitous transaction ; and it was not without much difficulty she could be induced to pardon and embrace her young kinsman, previous to his departure, on his solemn promise of amendment—a promise which she expressed her earnest hope that he would keep, for it were a thousand pitiés, she said, as she, with maternal tenderness, folded him in her arms, to shew the sincerity of her forgiveness, “ if a child could not be beautiful and winning as the

god of love, without being also as wanton, artful, and malicious."

Our hero's contrition was not very sincere, for he was solacing his imagination with the thoughts of the confusion into which he had thrown the innocent candidates for spiritual spousals. As he entered, the succeeding day, the domains of Amersville, the glow of mingled anger, shame, and kindness, which had suffused their beautiful countenances, powerfully stimulated the fancy of the embryo voluptuary, and he was smiling to himself in a pleasant reverie, when his horse, startled by the flight of a pheasant across his path, plunged, and had nearly thrown him.

When he recovered his seat, his attention was forcibly arrested by the character of the scenery through which he was passing, and which resembled more some fine specimens of Italian art which de Montfort had brought with him from abroad, than any thing he had yet seen: he was descending,

scending, by a rapid declivity, into a deep dell ; of the steep heights which closed it in, some shot up rude and naked piles of rocks, grouped in fantastic masses, from amidst thick woods of oak, elm, and beech, that clothed their base, and gradually diminishing in their ascent, as the power of vegetation failed, to coppice, with which the lichens, hanging in festoons from the interstices of the rocks, here and there interlaced their tendrils ; others were crested with venerable ruins mantled with ivy ; a turbid torrent, broken here and there into large masses of yellow foam, rolled down a deep gully, that furrowed the side of another, imparting additional brilliancy, as it smote them with its showery spray, to the shining foliage of the laurel, and the ruddy clusters of the mountain ash that overhung its bed. As the travellers rode forward, the sound of the cataract grew fainter and fainter on the ear, and as they turned an angle of the road formed by a mass of

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projecting rock, 'it came only like a low murmur, and was soon heard no more.

The road now ran close under a range of lofty and superimpending cliffs, beneath whose jetting brow an eagle was floating near his eyry; his harsh and dissonant scream had hushed the feathered warblers, and was the only sound besides that of the trampling of the horses ringing on the smooth, flinty soil, and re-echoing through the caverns into which the rock occasionally retired, that broke the deep, immeasurable silence.

The travellers emerged from the dell, but still all around them wore an aspect of solemn grandeur; art had assisted nature in producing it.

"I am never merry when I hear sweet music," says the poet by whom no winding of the human heart was unexplored.

The young de Montfort had directed the labour destined to embellish the place.
when

when his soul was filled by a virtuous passion, in which, somehow, though there was great happiness, there was no mirth, and a tear was as frequent as a smile.

His romantic fancy had darkened the masses of the woods, deepened the silence of the vales, and drawn the eye of the passenger, with artful solicitation, to the mouldering pile, which spoke of the transitory nature of this world's greatness, and aided by that brief but forcible lesson, the influence of the surrounding scene. Isabel would not rob the landscape of its melancholy graces, and the sorrows of Adelaide, was augmenting them.

Even the wild spirits of a turbulent boy confessed the genius of the place; and as he read upon a cenotaph of simple structure, that peeped from a clump of cypresses, the name of de Montfort, his cheek was wetted by a tear.

It was verging towards evening when he reached the gates of the castle, in a frame of mind, which, if permanent, would have

rendered him a suitable inmate of it: there was not much of gladness dwelt within its walls, but there was peace, gentleness, kindness of heart, and pious resignation.

The domestic who admitted him, on being made acquainted with his name, expressed his satisfaction that the painful suspense in which his honoured lady had been kept by his delay, was about to be terminated; and leading him quickly through a suit of apartments, whose ancient and gloomy aspect, together with the sober magnificence of their furniture, corresponded with the character of the scenery through which he had passed, opened the door of that in which Adelaide was sitting, and announced his arrival.

It was a kind of oratory; at one end of it a small silver crucifix stood upon a table raised like an altar, and covered with cloth; at the other extremity, two arched windows, sunk in deep recesses, formed in a wall of uncommon thickness, were painted, and hung with festoons of dark drapery, so

as

as to soften the mid-day light; and now, when the day was fast closing in, admitted no more than barely sufficed to shew to the boy the delicate and slender form, and the pale and interesting countenance of the mother of his affianced.

She was clad in a mourning habit; the sacred volume was open on the table at which she sat, but her eye was fixed on a picture of Ellesmere, which she had wrought from memory into the arras that covered the opposite side of the apartment; and the servant had to announce the young visitant twice, before she perceived that she had any other company than the beloved image at which she gazed.

As soon as she heard his name, she advanced to meet him, and taking him by the hand, led him over to the window, that she might examine his person and countenance; divesting her white hand of its silken covering, she stroked back the curls that shaded his forehead, was pleased and

surprised at his beauty, wished that his virtues might equal it, for his own sake, and the sake of her Isabel, and sighed, for she thought that a son of Ellesmere's she had lost when an infant, might have been such another.

The youth, on the other hand, experienced a kind of pleasure he had never felt before; the place seemed holy, and Adelaide, all pale, pure, mild, and lovely, the saint to whom it was consecrated, and who had vouchsafed to inhabit it. He thought her more beautiful than any woman that had ever pressed his hand, or gazed on his countenance before; and though he felt a kind of reverential awe in her presence, and a timid reserve, to which he was all unused, had stolen upon him, he was glad that he had come to Amersville, and glad that the soft, benevolent creature who was smiling upon him, was to be his mother. He was about to answer her inquiries with respect to the cause of his delay, of which, in truth, he could give no very satisfactory account,

account, when the door was thrown open, and a little girl, chubby, rosy, but rather coarse in her shape and complexion, came running to lady Ellesmere; her hair was blowzed, her skirt torn, her shoes were clogged with garden mould, and a small spade she had in her hand bore witness, by its worn and polished edge, to the industry of the owner. As soon as she recovered her breath, she said she had come in great haste from her garden, having heard that her little husband was come; then taking Edward by the hand, and asking her mother whether that was he? she contemplated him for some time with much satisfaction, and at length springing up, hung about his neck and kissed him with great familiarity and delight. The little husband by no means partook of her pleasure; he had never thought much of his little wife, but whenever he had chanced to turn his thoughts that way, she had presented herself to his imagination like one of the little noble ladies whom he had occasionally

seen

seen on a sunshiny day in the walks of the metropolis, richly habited in silk and laces, pale, shy, demure, her gait regulated by a gouvernante stiff as her own brocade farthingale, and her wants prevented by a lacquey in scarlet and gold.

He was perplexed and dismayed by the boisterous salutation of the rude, coarse, peasant-looking thing, that was hugging him as if she had always known, and had now met him after a casual absence.

Adelaide, who perceived his uneasiness, chid the little girl in rather a harsher tone than she had ever used to her before; and Isabel, who had a mind as gentle as her manners were rough, immediately let go her hold, and slunk terrified into a corner, where she continued abashed, and scarcely daring to raise her eyes from the ground, till the hand that had so often caressed her was held out in pity, and her name uttered with the wonted softness of accent; and then she crept timidly forward, and was satisfied for the remainder of the evening.

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to admire her husband at a respectful distance, except that she at one time stole over to where he sat, and played with his buttons; and at another, while he was engaged in converse with her mother, had actually got one of his hands clasped in both hers; but these hardy advances were quickly repelled by a formidable, indeed quite a conjugal frown; for her good behaviour, she was rewarded at bed-time by a kiss, rather reluctantly given, at the instance of her mother, and made her best curtsy for it, which, to say the truth, was but a sorry one.

The dislike Edward had conceived at first sight for his destined partner, by no means subsided on further acquaintance; and it appeared, as if by some peculiar malignity of fate, he was to anticipate, during his abode at Amersville, young as he was, some of the fatigues of matrimony: Isabel continued most distressingly fond, and a perpetual clog on all his enjoyments; if he wrestled or boxed with any of the young
rustics.

rustics in the neighbourhood, she stood by, screaming and clapping her hands, lest he should be hurt ; if he played at ball, or top, or marbles, she was so close to his side, that she prevented the free exercise of his arm ; and if he skated or slid on the pond in the castle garden, he was in constant danger of falling over her : many was the rude shove, and many the hard name she had to bear for her officious attendance ; but she bore them with exemplary patience ; and if a fortunate game, or any other prosperous circumstance, at any time softened the asperity of the little churl, and he looked at her without a frown, she jumped about him with infinite delight. After a successful contest at archery, he sometimes relaxed into absolute good-will ; and no peacock ever strutted more pompous or elate than did the dutious little lass, when, on such occasions, she was permitted to bear his bow and quiver, and partake of the joy of his triumph.

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But these happy moments did not often occur; the greater part of their time was spent in fond importunity on her part, and contemptuous spurnings and taunts on his; at first he was used to complain of her to lady Ellesmere, who afforded him much protection; but at length even the anxiety to please her mother, which had always been the strongest principle in the little girl's soul, began to give way to one more powerful; and as soon as she was alone with her idol, she forgot all the promises she had made in his favour, and in one bound was from the stool on which she had been placed, at his knee.'

If they were destined to be one day united, the persecution he endured was not wholly unmingled with good; his future wife was serving a kind of hymeneal apprenticeship; she was gradually acquiring the habit of making her every feeling merge in his wishes; and she implicitly obeyed every command, except when desired to keep her distance. She answered almost every
sally

sally of caprice and petulance by blameworthy dishments and caresses, and never expressed the smallest anger against him but on three occasions—first, when he tied an old kettle to her little dog's tail, and hunted him till he was worried almost to death by the other dogs, that ran out from every cottage he passed, and assailed him: secondly, when he beat Robert, her nurse's son, a great, sheepish, good-natured boy, who used to procure her birds'-eggs, assist her to cultivate her garden, and indeed spent his whole time in efforts to please his little mistress, who honoured him, in return, with her sincere friendship, and wept abundantly when she saw his nose streaming with blood, his face swelled, beneath the hands of her young tyrant, whose resentment he had incurred by neglecting to dress his Arabian poney in the exact manner prescribed, when his own valet happened to be out of the way.

But the third offence distressed poor Isabel more than all the rest; this was, tumbling

tumbling about on the top of a hayrick that was building in the castle-yard, with Janet Smythe, and kissing her with great warmth.

Janet was a buxom, rosy wench, of fifteen, the daughter of a neighbouring farmer, with whom, when he was disengaged from his accustomed pursuits, he was used to remain for hours at a time, helping her to churn, or separating into handfuls the flax she was employed to dress, or assisting her in some of her other occupations; and poor Isabel used to complain that he would do any thing Janet asked him, when he would not so much as hold his hands for her for two minutes, to wind a skein of silk.

Never was love more unworthily repaid than hers, by the ungrateful object of it; he seldom spoke, without a wish to mortify her; even in his best moods, he used to call her *stumpy*, in reference to the condition and habit of her person, which measured nearly as much in a horizontal, as in a per-

a perpendicular direction ; and this appellation was qualified according to the degree of peevishness he might feel at the moment, by the epithets *ugly* or *odious*. When he applied the simple nickname to her, she considered herself to be in favour, and said if he would let her be *his stumpy*, she *would* be satisfied ; if she was *ugly stumpy*, she observed, that the *abbot* had told her it was no matter if one was ugly, provided they were good, though she always added that her nurse said she was *comely* ; *odious* she did not understand the meaning of, but she understood too well the bitter look that accompanied it, and it seldom failed to draw tears.

Lady Ellesmere perceiving the repugnance of the young gentleman, which was every day gaining ground, judged that it was proper to prevent, by an earlier separation than she originally intended should take place, its growing into a habit ; and our hero was at her instance recalled by his father.

Isabel

Isabel had rather a kind embrace at parting, and this added much to the tears she shed on the occasion : she told her mother, as they returned from the further gate of the long elm avenue, whither they had accompanied him, as well as her sobs would permit her, that she knew Edward loved her, though he pretended he did not ; that when he came again he would have more sense, and would not worry Fidele, beat Robert, or kiss Janet.

CHAP. III.

Je suis jeune, il est vrai, mais aux ames bien nées
 La valeur n'attend pas le nombre des années,
 Mes pareils à deux fois ne se font pas connoître,
 Et pour leur coup d'essai veulent des coups de maître.

CORNEILLE.

.....

He speaks the kindest words, and looks such things,
 Vows with such passion, swears with such a grace,
 That it is heaven to be deluded by him. LEE.

POOR Isabel's expectations were not answered; in a second visit, about two years subsequent to the first, our hero, with shame and sorrow we relate it, not only worried Fidele, beat Robert, and kissed Janet, but was guilty of a great many other naughty tricks, which we shall forbear to introduce into our narrative; first, because we are mindful of the practice of the great poet, one of whose chief excellencies was
said

said to be that of rapidly drawing towards the conclusion of his work—a practice which, if it were generally attended to, would save much labour to many well-meaning, but rather too industrious persons, while it would protect them from much of that obloquy with which their exertions are repaid by an ungrateful world: secondly, because we do not wish to exhibit the whole turpitude of our hero's character, so as to deprive his reformation, if haply he should reform, of all commendation, or his just punishment, if he should meet with it, of a kindly drop or two, such as softer natures love to shed even over the beaten down and repentant sinner; for when we undertook to write his history, we contracted for him, however little he might have deserved it, some affection, on the principle which makes a father love his child, because he in a manner belongs to him; and though, as we proceed, we find him more and more unworthy of it,

it, we cannot for the life of us throw it altogether aside.

Lady Ellesmere, on finding the little likelihood there was of accustoming him to love, by having the object on which she wished his affections to be fixed constantly before his eyes, determined to try the opposite expedient; and wrote to his father to say, that she did not wish to see him again at Amersville, till a very short time previous to that appointed by de Montfort's will for his union with her daughter, at the same time explaining her motives.

Of her letter he was himself the bearer; and on being made acquainted with its contents, felt quite happy at the thoughts of being for so long a time relieved from the affection of *stumpy*, which he secretly vowed she should never have the power of inflicting on him, for the term, time, and space, as the lawyers say, of their joint lives to be completed and ended.

He was now fast approaching to man-
hood,

hood, and promised fair not to deviate in the least from the path in which his sire had led the way. He intrigued, fought duels, gamed, swore, danced; in short, was deficient in no gentlemanly accomplishment, and would have just filled the gap made in society by the elder Rivers's death, which happened about four years after his last visit to Amersville, and no more, had it not happened that the learning he had imbibed during his boyhood had, by constantly exercising his mind, given it rather a robust appetite, which could not be altogether sated by the innutritious, though poignant sauces of mere modish occupations, but required the stronger, and less quickly digestible food of ambition.

His father had been always designated as an amiable and accomplished man, and he had inherited his reputation; but he wished to extend it; he would be a great man also, and accordingly made diligent use of the footing his gallantry and ad-

dress had obtained him at court, ingratiating himself with the young monarch who had recently ascended the throne, by all the winning and insinuating qualities of his mind, and with the proud churchman, who was rising rapidly into the plenitude of his influence and power, by such a judicious display of his learning as would give value to his deference, a constant submission of opinion, and a well-feigned ignorance, whenever the cardinal was in a mood to impart instruction.

It was by dint of this well-regulated conduct that our hero, on the breaking out of a war with France, obtained a very high appointment in the army destined for the invasion of that country, to the great dissatisfaction of a number of old officers, who refused inferior rank in disgust, and retired to their respective chimney-corners to drown their chagrin in home-brewed, and criticize the operations of the campaign, which they did with so much zeal and industry, that it was clearly shewn, in a work
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in twelve volumes in folio, entitled "*A few remarks on the many errors committed by the Englishe Generale at the Siege of Terouenne, wherein is sette forth, &c. &c.*" that if the author had commanded, eighty-four capital blunders would not have been committed; and though the place would have fallen three days later, it would have fallen without the sacrifice of our military character. This great work, of which only a slight notice has reached posterity, being contained in an unpublished manuscript of the great *Vauban*, who, by the way, does not speak of it very reverently, but that must be imputed to national jealousy, was ostensibly the work of an individual; but it was generally believed that many of the ex-officers, who used to meet at a club once a week, and were unwilling that their talents should not be employed, in some way or other, in the service of their country, had contributed their whole stock of military wisdom to the compilation.

This being a question of great interest,

we should willingly enter into an examination of it, were it not foreign to the purpose of our history; leaving it, therefore, in the hands of critics and antiquarians by profession, we shall proceed to inform our readers, that our hero's preparations for the field bore a character of pomp and magnificence, in obedience to the will of his low-born but haughty patron, such as was more nearly allied to the pleasant military excursions which Asiatic monarchs call making war, than to any thing which had been before seen among the simple and hardy warriors of the west.

His father's mistresses, who all loved him as their son, and his own, at least such of them as were used to a gallant way of living, and had never felt towards him the anger that sometimes accompanies jealousy, were emulously industrious in fitting him out. His surcoat, his housings, his banners, the drapery of his tent, were all the work of a hundred white hands, and were beyond description sumptuous, elegant, and

and tasteful. A numerous retinue of cooks, musicians, and poets, who were known to excel in the composition of loose verses, were forthwith embodied ; a body of cavalry which he had himself levied, were equipped at an immense expence, each man being allowed an attendant, and a mistress. The vessel in which he was wafted to the enemy's shores was fitted out as nearly according to the description given by historians of the galley of the Egyptian queen, as the workmen employed could be made to comprehend it, and as was consistent with the respective principles of structure required by the waters of the Cydnus, and those of the ocean.

Her snow-white sails swelled, and her silken streamers fluttered in the gentle breeze, as softly gliding through the flood, the English coast sunk behind her on the horizon, while beneath a rich canopy erected on her deck, reposed several of the fair artists, who, shaking off the terrors natural to their sex, had determined to share

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those toils and perils which they had exerted themselves to soften and relieve, by all of luxurious and splendid that ingenuity could devise, or expence and industry effect.

Our young warrior seldom reviewed his troops but in the midst of a group of beauties, habited *à la Diane*; and one of these, who had imbibed a taste for military operations, actually received a slight wound from a lynstock, as she rode with him to view the works of a fortress which the English commander had some thoughts of investing.

A notion, which seems at least as if it ought to be just, has been at all periods received by almost all historians and philosophers, namely, that luxury and valour are incompatible: we wish the notion were just, for luxury certainly deadens nearly all the better faculties of the human soul, and it is a pity when that is the case, one bright quality should survive, like a column in some ruined city once the admiration of
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the nations, to impress us with a deeper regret for the general desolation. But the fact is but too obvious, that with the rise and fall of states, with the nerving or weakening their defences, luxury has little or nothing to do: the nation of Europe whose warlike spirit is the pest of her neighbours and her own safety, is the most luxurious and addicted to pleasure of any in Europe; and the gratifications of their propensity accompany them to the cannon's mouth.

At the period concerning which we are writing, the notion was much more prevalent than it is now; perhaps, indeed, among a people just emerging from barbarism, it was acted upon to rather too great an extent; be that as it may, our hero's style of campaigning was subject of great scandal and offence to many of the veterans who served with him in superior, and all who served with him in inferior rank; by some of these it was announced to the club of malcontents we before no-

ticed, to the astonishment and consternation of all the members who were present when the letter was read, that the young Sybarite, whose example was corrupting the army, washed his hands and face, and put on a clean shirt every day, slept on a couch stuffed with horse hair, and had been once actually detected brushing his teeth while the troops were turning out for action. These, with many other abominations of a similar nature, the malcontents published with great diligence; and the most experienced politicians of the day announced, each in the circle whose opinions he swayed, that an unsuccessful issue of the campaign might naturally be expected.

By some of his superiors many remonstrances were made to our hero; Xerxes flying from Greece, and the reception of the Persian satrap by the black-broth monarch in Asia Minor, were for ever dinned in his ears, while he answered only with a smile, chucked some one of his female

suit

snit under the chin, and inquired about some of the enemy's dispositions.

At length the rusty iron and greasy leather warriors, as he used to call them, gave him up, pronouncing him incurable; yet there were circumstances in his conduct that appeared to them very strange and unaccountable; he was evermore galloping about, visiting the posts—seldom failed to turn out the troops twice or thrice a-day for inspection—attended every council of war—and in the course of the campaign, suggested no less than sixty different plans for annoying the enemy, ten of which having been adopted, after an obstinate contest in debate, were attended with the most complete success.

The greater part of his companions in arms considered all this as proceeding from the restless and feverish spirit consequent on the enervated state of his mind and body; but there were a few so staggered by it in faith they had hitherto reposed in eating black bread and onions,

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standing

standing bareheaded in the rain, and wearing dirty armour, as the most approved methods of creating and preserving the qualities of a soldier, that it was not till several months after the conclusion of the campaign that they felt their ancient system again fully established in their minds, and secure against innovation.

A series of events sometimes occur, which would almost induce one to think that fortune took delight in detracting from the reputations of the wise, by frustrating predictions founded on principles which would seem to make their accomplishment certain. In no other way can we account for the fact, that, contrary to the general expectation, the English arms were successful; and that he, to whom they were to owe the most terrible calamities, distinguished himself so frequently and so greatly, in the three prominent events of the campaign—the victory of Gunegate, and the sieges of Terouenne and Tournay, that on his return he received
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the thanks of his majesty, accompanied by the assurance that he was considered as mainly instrumental in promoting the success of his arms.

Our hero was not of a complexion to bear his honours with a meek and modest spirit; every hireling poet or painter who worked in the parlours of the court, was employed to blazon his triumphs. On every festival, when the mob was at liberty, he rode out on a white horse, to be the more conspicuous, and seldom failed of his object, which was to get chained and huzza'd through the streets of the metropolis; and the general insolence with which he deported himself, involved him in no less than seven duels, and sixteen charges of peculation, from all of which, however, he extricated himself with great intrepidity and address.

But it was among the women that his glories chiefly fructuated; he was before thought almost irresistible—what was he now, when, in addition to the handsome,

the elegant, the accomplished, he was considered to have earned, by valour and counsel above his years, the epithet of *great*—when he seemed the monarch's favourite, and the nation's joy? A slight scar from a sabre on his left temple was thought to have added to, rather than diminished his beauty, while it kept alive the memory of his heroism; and many a white hand touched it, whose owner shuddered to hear of the sudden fate of him who had dared to inflict it; and smiled to hear that no wound was dreaded but that, which her eye was capable of inflicting.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

Ne in her speech, ne in her 'haviour,
Was lightness seene, or looser vanitie,
But gracious womanhood, and gravitie
Above the reason of her youthful years. SPENSER.

Two years seemed to pass quickly to a man intoxicated with glory, and reaping its richest rewards; gratifications, however, such as he experienced, are subjected, as well as all others, to the effects of habit; they were more languid than they had been, and he began to be very busily employed in projecting the means of augmenting his fortune, his power, and his renown.

The time was now rapidly approaching when he was either to enter on de Montfort's ample inheritance, or formally relinquish it; and though he still seldom thought of *Stumpy* without a cold sweat bedewing

bedewing his limbs, and an involuntary shudder, still *Plutus*, who has been always esteemed one of the chief rhetoricians among the visionary beings with whom Grecian fancy peopled the universe, pleaded powerfully in her behalf, or perhaps, as some would think, against her, for on the submissive temper which he knew her to possess, he had grounded a scheme of life which few of our fair readers, we apprehend, would think very eligible for his partner, whatever it might be for himself; the sum of it was this, *Stampy* was to spend her life in the country, to which she had been so much accustomed, that the atmosphere of the metropolis would beyond all doubt destroy her constitution, robust as it appeared to be.

There she was to nurse her children, feed the poultry, and, indeed, to be permitted a full range of such innocent and exhilarating recreations of that nature, as might amply satisfy a person much less reasonable than she promised to be. He was to visit
her

her twice a-year, for a whole month at a time, and devote the other ten to his customary occupations; that is, making the most of the favour he enjoyed among the sex, hunting, gaming, and all other light, gentlemanly amusements; but above all, in the serious and steady pursuit of court favour and political elevation; for ambition was every day taking a stronger grasp of his soul. But all this arrangement was contingent; it depended on the hope that *Stumpy* was not growing up quite so fat, so coarse, so awkward, and so *fond*, as she had threatened to do; and this hope was shortly converted into an agreeable certainty.

The good abbot whom we introduced to the reader in a former page of our history, as the person on whom the care of cultivating the lady Isabel's understanding had chiefly devolved, having visited the metropolis on some business that concerned the religious community over which he ruled, was entrusted by lady Ellesmere with an invitation

invitation for our hero, for she thought, as the marriage of the young couple was to take place in two years, if ever, it was high time that a final attempt should be made to bring both into such a frame of mind, with respect to each other, as would fit them for the yoke.

Edward did not fail to address minute inquiries to the abbot with respect to his pupil, all of which were answered in the most satisfactory manner. "Was she handsome?"

"She could not be otherwise, the qualities of her pure, simple, generous, affectionate heart beamed in her eye."

"Of what colour might her eyes be?"

"She has a fine hazel eye, inclining to the dark," rejoined the abbot.

"Have they much fire in them?" continued Edward.

"The glow of benevolence is its characteristic," said the abbot; "yet I have seen it lighten both with joy and indignation."

"Seen *it* lighten," repeated Edward to himself;

himself; he was going to inquire why the abbot used the singular number, but recollected having heard that he was a poet; he wished he would not bring his figures out of his study. "Was she accomplished?"

"Highly accomplished."

"Her person?"

"Was perfect as nature could form it."

"Her manners?"

"Polished and affable."

"Her taste?"

"Delicate and correct to a degree."

"Her temper?"

"Gentle and yielding as that of a lamb."

The abbot concluded his visit, leaving our hero in high spirits, and quite free from a headache inflicted by a late vigil on the preceding night, which he had complained of on his entrance. He determined to avail himself of lady Ellesmere's invitation forthwith; began to consider how he should prevail on the cardinal to
interest

interest himself, in order to have the title of the deceased lord Ellesmere, which was extinct, revived in his favour; and in the plenitude of his satisfaction, new-modelled the economy of his future life greatly in *Stumpy's* favour; generously resolving, that besides the two months in the year he had proposed to spend with her in the country, she should enjoy his presence another month in the metropolis, and partake of a few of the more sober amusements it afforded, provided always she did not evince any inclination to inform herself as to his modes of living.

He was in such a hurry to put every thing on a proper footing, and feel himself certain proprietor of de Montfort's estates, which he could not do till he had examined the nature of the incumbrance, that although it was midwinter, a season in which he was not very fond of travelling, he nevertheless set out the following day at an early hour.

The weather was extremely severe, the
snow

snow deep on the ground, and scarcely any animated creature enlivened the dreary fields through which he was passing, but a few fieldfares and starlings picking their scanty food, or a flock of small birds driven by a spaniel that was the companion of his journey, from the corn-stack in the farmer's yard to the neighbouring hedge.

The taste for simple pleasures, which had once slightly germinated in his mind, had been stifled by the pleasures and business of the world ; and it was therefore no wonder if, as he traversed the scenes which had before filled his youthful bosom with a melancholy, though not wholly unaccompanied by satisfaction, he should now, increased as was their sombre aspect by the rigour of the season, feel their pressure on his spirits intolerable. The accumulated waters of the cataract roared, the ice of the frozen stream drifted with a deep and sul-
len sound ; the beetling brows of the rocky heights frowned darker amidst the waste of snows, and the wintry gale sung
through

through the leafless forest; he eyed the solitude around him, contrasted it with the gay saloons blazing with tapers, lustres, and mirrors, and filled with silken-stoled and jewelled beauties, which he had for a time relinquished; and as the dark masses of Amersville Castle rose upon his view, he resolved that *poor Stumpy*, towards whom he had, since his interview with the abbot, cherished kinder feelings than he was accustomed to do, should pass her hours of matrimonial seclusion in some less savage and cheerless retreat.

On his arrival, he was introduced into the oratory, the gloom of which was increased by the dark green of a number of large holly-boughs stuck about the windows, and in various parts of the room, to grace the festival of Christmas, which was at hand, and by the low and plaintive tones of sacred music, which seemed to reach his ear from some remote part of the vast and still edifice.

After waiting for a short time, which
he

he spent in wondering how any person in their senses could voluntarily immure themselves in such a dungeon as he was shivering in, he was conducted to an upper and somewhat lighter apartment, in which he was happy to find that the countess, who rose from an organ on his approach, was not so entirely averse to all good company, as to exclude that of a large, clear fire, that afforded him the only agreeable sensation he had experienced since his departure from the metropolis.

After the first joy of the meeting was over, a joy the assumption of which the beauty and goodness of the countess rendered a task of no great difficulty to our hero, she directed a domestic to inform the lady Isabel of his arrival ; and he, who had caught every thing from fashion but his coldness, and who was now in feverish expectation of seeing one with whom he was to pass a considerable proportion of three months out of every year of his life, having kept his eye steadfastly fixed on the
the

the door, while answering the countess's inquiries as to his health, repeated her order rather petulantly to a little girl who opened it, and who being clad in a coarse garb, he supposed to be the housekeeper's daughter, come on some business of domestic economy.

"*I am Isabel,*" answered the little damsel, timidly advancing, after she had dropped a rustic curtsy.

"You Isabel!" cried our hero, in a tone of voice fraught with consternation and amazement.

"I suppose, my love," said lady Ellesmere, "you were so impatient to see our friend, that you would not wait to divest yourself of your working clothes? Isabel," added she, turning to our hero, "is excessively notable, and has been all day preparing a banquet which we always give to our tenantry, in the large wainscotted hall, at this season of the year; the preparations usually occupy several days, and I know nothing at which our girl is more industrious;

industrious; she says it gives her peculiar delight to see the rows of pleasant countenances of all ages, interchanging smiles across the long oaken tables. She thinks our ancestors, whose pictures ornament the walls of the venerable structure, seem to smile at the cheerful aspect assumed by the favourite scene of their hospitality, filled as it is with the light of many tapers, and the warmth of two large fires, and innocent revelry; for shortly after dinner the old family harper strikes up his rude music, and the floor resounds to the thick shoes of our good rustics, who make up by vehemence and good-will for what they want in grace and elegance. I am glad that you are come in time to partake of our festivity."

"When I last saw the lady Isabel, she had both her eyes," exclaimed our hero, who, while the countess was speaking in a low voice, but with the precision, solemnity, and emphasis of a parish clerk responding

responding in the litany, devoted the old hall, the long tables, the ancestral effigies, the family harper, and the thick-shod rustics, to the proprietor of the nether regions and his domestics. "When I last saw the lady Isabel, she had two eyes."

"I thought," said the countess, apparently chagrined at the expression of horror that was visible in the countenance of the wooer, "that the abbot would have informed you that she had lost one from a cold caught by staying out too late one evening last winter, with the dying wife of one of our cottagers.—Why that tear now, my Isabel?" continued she; "I never knew you shed one before for your misfortune; you were used to say, that the last prayer of the poor patient, which invoked a blessing on you, was a sufficient recompence for your loss."

"I shall endeavour to think so still," said Isabel, grasping her mother's hand, and stifling a sigh.

Edward

Edward hummed a light air, and spoke in monosyllables the remainder of the evening.

Isabel had worked hard the greater part of the day ; labour was the only narcotic she had ever used, and it was generally effectual—it failed now ; the beauty, the intrepidity of Edward, and a certain irregular kindness of heart, in which, when a boy, he had indulged, reckless of whether it was a vice or a virtue, had taken a powerful hold of her youthful fancy ; and the hope had been constantly cherished, as the childish fondness of her infancy was converted into love, that when he got sense, he would discern the flagitious nature of such actions as worrying Fidele, beating Robert, and kissing Janet. It had not been diminished by the loss of her eye, for that misfortune seemed to have increased the love of her mother, the abbot, and all who had loved her before ; and she went so far even as to think it possible, that as it had augmented love in some cases, so it might

might create it in others : but the exclamation, the look, and the subsequent silence of Edward, had undeceived her, and while she pressed her face to her pillow, and bedewed it with her tears, she felt that the same moment had rivetted her affections, and destroyed the hope that had fed them.

When the family assembled next morning at breakfast, the poor Isabel sat dejected, and with a tear-swollen countenance, answering her mother's anxious inquiries by assurances that she ailed nothing but a slight headache. She now and then stole a look at the destroyer of her peace, and wished she was as little as heretofore, that she might creep to his knee, and be shoved away, and called *Stumpy*, and have the poor privilege of earning at last, by assiduity and long services, a smile of approbation, and "*poor Stumpy.*"

Summon thy pride, poor girl, to thy assistance ; thou hast to deal with a heart from which the world's commerce has wrung

wrung almost every principle of softness it might ever have possessed: accepted, thy gentleness, thy benevolence, thy purity, thy sense, will not exempt thee from the lot of harshest slavery; rejected, thou mayest find consolation in the affection of thy parent, thy friends, the performance of thy duties, or, haply, in the perfect esteem and perfect love of some kindlier heart, that can appreciate thy virtues.

Such advice would have been lost on Isabel; love for the ingrate had been early formed in her soul, "had grown with her growth, and strengthened with her strength;" his image was linked with every sweeter thought, and to abandon it, would be the same as abandoning existence.

She never thought of it as a thing possible; and inheriting, as she did, the romantic disposition of her parent, the solitary indulgence of her passion, which she had proof before her was not a mean enjoyment, was the moderated scheme of

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happiness

happiness which succeeded, in her mind, to that intermixture of souls she had contemplated, warm, pure, sacred, and unbroken. The smiling, sunny fields of freshest herbage, the scented grove of blushing blossoms, and promise of redundant fruitage, had vanished ; but there was still peace and serenity, the luxury of tears—the sweet, low requiem of departed hope, and the bosom-freeing sigh, heaved with no unpleasing emotion, when the consciousness of happiness though lost, not unmerited, supports the sufferer.

If a sharper feeling would pain her bosom, amidst the tranquil and holy shades of retirement in which she would pass her days, it would proceed from the worthlessness of him whose image was never to be effaced from her heart. Some rumour of the irregular life he led had reached Amersville ; and she was grieved when she heard that he loved many fair and noble ladies, and was beloved by them in return. Many ! she could not comprehend how that could

be ;

He ; but as he was so liberal of his love, she might hope for a share, and she would soon teach him how sweet it was to love but one : but that hope was no more.

Isabel, amidst children, or when employed in any domestic occupation amidst her mother's domestics, was as frank, as lively, as sportive as any girl of her age ; but she had received from nature a contemplative mind, it had been nurtured by the converse of her mother, and the pious and learned Reginald, (the name of the abbot) ; and the consequence was, that her secret thoughts, though they had little of the sobriety, had much of the strength and depth of maturity.

The abbot, who had followed close upon the steps of our hero, came to visit his beloved friend, and more beloved pupil, ere the breakfast equipage was removed, and to witness the satisfaction he had been the instrument of procuring them. He expected to have found, on the one hand, delight at the joyous prospect of a connu-

bial bliss, such as no man had experienced since the fall; and on the other, content with the decrees of Providence, ill concealed beneath animated inquiries concerning the great world, its habits, and its manners, of which so little was known at Amersville.

He was surprised to find silence, and reserve, and traces of tears; and dreading to inquire the cause, related anecdotes of the several hospitable, worthy people he had met with on his journey. Whenever the abbot travelled, every district through which he passed abounded with persons of that description; there were certain brethren of his convent who had retired thither, rather disgusted with the world, who were used to suggest occasionally, that if he would conceal his station and profession when he travelled, he would gain a knowledge of mankind, which would lessen his respect for them. The abbot looked upon such suggestions as the effect of views distorted by disappointment and
chagrin—

chagrin—continued to travel in his usual vesture, to receive wherever he went the respect due to learning, and to return fraught with satisfaction, and prepared to tell of many a cottage, the abode of innocence and peace ; many a castle, the seat of magnanimity, hospitality, and honour.

Edward, who seemed to pay but little attention to the discourse of the abbot, interrupted him in the midst of a florid period, saying with a cold and thoughtful air, “ I think, father, you said the lady Isabel was accomplished ? ”

“ My sweet pupil,” said the abbot, delighted at the observation, and conceiving that he had now ample means of dispelling the uneasiness under which the whole party evidently laboured, and to which some unlucky accident must have given birth, “ my sweet pupil, let our good friend see that I have not deceived him ; repeat my last Pindaric ode on the nativity.”

The countenance of the little girl bright-

ened up ; she had heard that one of our hero's titles to the favour of the great cardinal was learning ; and she obeyed her preceptor with a willingness he had never experienced on such an injunction before, notwithstanding his many assurances of the high value which the world was known to set upon erudition.

In the study of the Greek language, which was about this time revived in England, the abbot had engaged with as much ardour as any *Opsimathes*, the industrious old censor himself not excepted ; and as he conceived learning to be of little use if not communicated, he had caused the progress of his pupil in Hellenic lore to keep pace nearly with his own.

She accordingly now repeated, with very correct and harmonious cadence, but blushing deeply at every period, a series of Greek verses, which the abbot had, in defiance of all known rules of poetical nomenclature, entitled an ode, and which, if
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It sometimes sinned against metre, prosody, and grammar, made ample amends by its length for all defects of that nature.

It would be difficult to describe the conflicting emotions under which our hero laboured during the performance. The first strophe filled him with astonishment and dismay, (the abbot thought it was delight.) In the tumult of his thoughts, it quite escaped him that he need not have a wife who could repeat Greek verses unless he chose; and obvious marks of impatience and grief, indignation and the bitter smile of derision, rapidly succeeded each other on his countenance; nor was it till the poor unconscious victim of the abbot's learning was silent, that his mind had settled into the calmness of steady aversion. Fatness, coarseness, awkwardness, *one eye*, and Greek! ten times the amount of de Montfort's inheritance should not bind him for life to a compound of all that was terrible. He had his father's estate, which was not very bounded, and

his hopes at court, and with these he must do the best he could.

Isabel marked his displeasure, and hung her head; her mother, who had observed the display of her accomplishments with so much attention, that the discomfiture of our hero had been quite unnoticed, wishing to allow it time to operate the beneficial effect with which, she had no doubt, it must be attended, took her by the hand, and led her out of the room.

"Is she not accomplished?" asked the abbot.

"Highly," replied our hero, drily.

A smile of exultation played on the good father's countenance.

"You praised her eyes, and I find she has but one."

"I praised her eye, not her eyes; and who will say it does not merit praise? The absence of the other eye is more beautiful, when we recollect the cause, is more bewitching than the loveliest orb that ever shone in the head of woman—it is like
the

the effigies of the Roman patriots, which not appearing in a funeral procession, made on that very account the greatest impression, as we are informed by the eloquent historian."

"You said her person was graceful and elegant."

"Elegant! and is it not so? why, she is as round as an apple; you cannot see a bone in her; she bears a perfect resemblance to the picture of the Madonna in the refectory of our convent, painted by the great German artist, the baron Von *Hcissenblut*; and as for grace, did you observe her when I came into the room, how she bounded over to me, and took my hand between both hers, and looked me in the face with so sweet a smile, there was grace to captivate a monarch, though she wanted every other perfection by which she is distinguished?"

"She never learned to dance, I presume?"

"Yes, she has; I have taught her myself."

"Taught her yourself!" said Edward, starting from his seat; but recollecting himself, and resuming it, he added, smiling, "rather a singular function, methinks, for one of your order, that of a dancing-master."

"When we have walked together in the fields," said the abbot, "in spring-tide, I have drawn her attention to the bound of the fawn, and the gambol of the lamb; to the lark loud carolling at heaven's gates, and the wren straining its little throat, and shaking its wings with joy amidst the blossoms of the low bushes. I have bade her mark how all creatures, particularly in youth, testified their gratitude for the blessings they enjoyed from Providence, by the sweetest sounds they could utter, and the liveliest motion of which their frames were susceptible; my lessons were not thrown away—our Isabel's voice is heard sweetly mingling

mingling on every Sabbath with those of the holy maidens of the neighbouring convent, in the song of praise and thanksgiving; and she bears her part in the sprightlier chorus of the village damsels, when they deck the great oak on the green with scented garlands, and hail with melody the first sun of summer; thus too she joins them in the dance; and when the castle resounds to the sprightly tones of the harp and the viol, in honour of the holy season which is now approaching, the step and bound of the most active maiden, whose limbs move in obedience to the pleasant measure, is heavy and unelastic when compared to hers: I am aware, indeed, that nature should not in almost any case be unassisted; in the formation of the perfect orator, the perfect poet, the perfect painter, much use is derivable from art; and to form the perfect loveliness that is to be the best treasure of man's bosom, his best reward, such as you have soon
to

to enjoy"—our hero groaned in spirit—"art is not unavailing. I would not allow a dancing-master to approach our Isabel, to instruct her in all those voluptuous and studied attitudes in which the present corrupt and luxurious age delights; but in the time of my youth, the world was less vicious and sophisticated. I then, previous to my assuming the sacred stole, learned to move in certain steps of grave and solemn modulation, such as were calculated rather to temper the wild joy of youth and nature, than to engraft upon them allurements to licentiousness. In these I have instructed Isabel; though to say the truth, my years and infirmities, and the somewhat too much of flesh with which I am encumbered, rendered the task of tuition rather laborious."

Our hero, who had been for some time endeavouring to stifle an impulse to mirth, by which he was agitated, found it at length

length irresistible, and laughed with such violence that the room shook.

The abbot was astonished ; he could not conceive the cause of such sudden and ungovernable laughter ; but though he soon suspected he was the cause of it, in the benevolence of his heart, he was rejoiced to see it succeed to the frown of ill-humour and discontent which had distressed him on his entrance. He positively refused, however, to gratify the young soldier's wish to exhibit the steps in question, notwithstanding his assurance that cardinal Wolsey was passionately fond of antique dancing ; and that if those on which he prided himself resembled in any degree those of the *Salii*, he would make such a report to that great patron of all true merit, as would insure him promotion in his profession.

He waited patiently till the intemperate mirth which he had elicited had subsided, and then entered into a long and florid eulogium on his darling pupil ; which
having

having concluded, with an assurance that in consequence of the great neglect of sound learning by which the age was distinguished, he might seek far enough, before he would find another girl who could read Greek with as much facility, he withdrew, while his auditor acknowledged the truth contained in his closing period, with much more devout and solemn thanks to Providence than he had been known to pay for any benefit from that source for many years.

He now began to think of a speedy return to town; he could not depart immediately, without being guilty of an unpardonable breach of politeness, almost the only virtue besides valour that entered much into his ethical system; he determined to stay till the day preceding the revels of the great hall; these he could not be induced to witness, even were they to be graced by a display of the abbot's saltatorial skill.

Poor Isabel felt the effects of the penance

nance he had imposed on himself; to have concealed his dislike to her would have been an addition to it altogether insupportable: he gibed—he taunted her—he mimicked her gait—he talked of girls who had two eyes. She bore all with ineffable patience, sometimes smiled, sometimes stifled a sigh, and sometimes brushed away a tear: but the day before his departure, she assumed a little courage, and when he had said something peculiarly bitter, she quietly approached him, laid her hand on his arm, and looking mildly in his face, said, “You can’t love poor Isabel, but don’t insult her.” There was something in the tone in which these words were uttered, and the look that accompanied them, that found its way to his heart, difficult of access as it was; he felt that he was cruel—felt that her request was reasonable, and resolved to comply with it.

The next day, Isabel, with her mother, stood by as he mounted his horse; he did not offer her a parting kiss; she did not expect

expect he would ; yet when he rode away, she was angry with herself for feeling as though she was disappointed ; she retired to the turret in which de Montfort and *his* Isabel were used to be happy in requited love ; a peaked height was visible from it, over which the road to the metropolis passed, between two steep banks, from which a few scattered pines raised their dark heads through the snowy garb with which nature was clothed. She watched this pass till the figure of him whom she would have joyed to render good and happy, rose slowly from the vale, and then suddenly darting through it, disappeared ; she blessed him, and prayed for his prosperity, harsh as he had been, and gazed till a soft slumber stole upon her senses.

While she slept, she had a pleasant dream : a form of more than mortal majesty appeared before her, leading in her hand a youth of surpassing beauty—
“ I am the Genius of Virtue,” said the
vision ;

vision ; " thou hast lived but little, yet within thy short span has been compressed more goodness than has been found in the long years of many of the most ardent of my votaries ; in this poor world it is often the lot of worth to suffer ; but even here thou shalt be rewarded. Genius of Beauty, exert thy power !" The youth touched Isabel with his wand. The celestial forms disappeared, and Edward stood before her ; he looked all wonder and delight, and clasped her with a stormy joy to his bosom. Oh, she was happy, yet she endeavoured to repress his transports, and awoke in the effort.

It was fast verging to night ; she opened her casement ; there was no sound but that of the wintry breeze murmuring in the leafless branches of an old oak, whose top rose to a level with the base of the window ; she cast her eye forward to the height where Edward had disappeared, a cloud was resting on it. She closed the casement—her fire had sunk into a few half-extinguished embers while she slept ; chilled,
and

and heart-sore, she descended to the apartment where her mother was sitting.

The affectionate parent contemplated her for some minutes, as she sat silent and thoughtful, while the blaze on the hearth fell bright, with a saddening contrast, on her pale and dejected countenance. She taxed herself with imprudence for having lent herself to the wild and romantic scheme of the visionary de Montfort. She was at a loss what topic of consolation to select; at length, after a protracted interval of silence—"I cannot, my child," said she, "give you hope; I see but too plainly it would be fallacious, but I can give you sympathy." A tear stood in her eye.

Isabel, aroused from a reverie by this sudden and brief address, started forwards, threw her arms round her mother's neck, hid her face in her bosom, and wept bitterly.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

Παιτως γὰρ οὐδαὶς ἔρωτα ἰφυγεῖν, ἢ φευξίται, μέχρις αὖ
 κάλλος ἢ καὶ οφθαλμοὶ Βλεπωσίν. LONGUS.

Our hero had scarcely arrived in town, when he wrote to lady Ellesmere, stating his fixed resolution, but in as polite terms as he could bring himself to use, never to wed her daughter; and shortly afterwards left England, entrusted with an important diplomatic office at one of the German courts. The duties of this he continued to perform with so much zeal and assiduity for two years, that he seemed to have secured himself for ever in the affections of his sovereign, and his powerful favourite; so long as he remained at the court of D—, it might have been thought that Wolsey presided in *propria persona* at all the secret deliberations of its cabinet,

Diplomatic

Diplomatic agents of all ages, ranks, and degrees of experience, had been employed to counteract his machinations, but in vain; some negotiations were nipped in the bud, others abruptly broken off, when every thing seemed in a fair train; and others suddenly frustrated, by some latent influence which it was impossible to discover, when on the very brink of completion.

At length no diplomatist, however distinguished for skill, or activity, or patience, would undertake any thing at a place where a legion of evil spirits were undoubtedly, in their apprehension, employed by the cardinal as their rivals; while to cloak his use of powers, which would have rendered him so obnoxious to the ill-will of mankind, a wild and dissipated youth, who devoted even the time of rest to his pleasures, appeared to be entrusted with concerns which it was utterly impossible could be managed by one of his green years, and total lack of experience,

rience, had he been, instead of volatile and unthinking to a degree, as grave as an aged guardian of ledgers in a Dutch counting-house.

Yet, probable as was this reasoning, nothing was more certain (so the penetrating genius who guides the quill of the historian assures us), than that our hero was the sole individual whose mind was employed to render abortive the efforts of men who had grown grey in the practice of intrigue, and men who had been from early youth initiated into all its most secret mysteries.

He could assume the appearance of giddiness and volatility, when his mind was labouring under the heaviest burden of anxiety, or oscillating between the extremes of hope and fear; ~~this~~ saved him from suspicion; and his turn for gallantry was the chief engine by which he was enabled to procure for the sovereign at whose court he was resident, the title of Wolsey's prime minister.

Since he had been in the habit of making
love,

love, his heart had never been touched, his gratifications had been of a purely sensual nature ; but while he was himself unwounded, he could infuse into the bosom of any maiden, or any matron who once gave unrestricted attention to his eloquent and fascinating, but insidious speech, and still more eloquent and traitorous eye, a wild and delirious attachment, before which all sentiments of duty and honour sunk into oblivion ; and the vehemence of the passion he could thus excite had another convenience besides that of completely unlocking the bosom of the subject, namely, that it could be more easily converted into hatred, when it was his pleasure that it should assume that form, and so rid him of importunity ; for he was never known to cherish a mistress for any length of time, whose flame was not of a mild and tranquil nature, into which, if jealousy were thrown, it would lie unconsumable as the *asbestos*, and quite incapable of imparting a noxious and destructive *impetus*.

Regulating

Regulating his conduct upon this principle, he could enjoy as much variety as he pleased without molestation, and be free from that excessive fondness which had so distressed him in *Stumpy*, while he was yet a boy.

He never abandoned a system productive of so much unadulterated enjoyment, but when he had some other object besides a heart in view ; and therefore he was never known to make such diligent use of the attractions with which nature had gifted him, as when a public functionary at the court of D——. Many was the passion he here inspired, and many the passion he affected to feel, prostituting all the soft artillery of love in a manner which might have well aroused the indignation of the god, if the blind urchin had not himself a nature akin to “ treasons, stratagems, and spoils.” A languishing look was used to draw forth a secret ; a sigh could procure for some decrepid minister of state smiles and caresses from a beauty who had never

before looked on him but with scorn and derision ; and a tear—a tear that conveyed a doubt of affection, could impel her on whose hand it dropped to brave every danger, and practise every art, in order to remove an impression so injurious to her love, and pave the way for the wily deceiver to whatever object he had in view.

But Nature was now about to assert her rights ; she had formed the heart of our hero of a portion of her finest ore ; and if she had mingled some alloy—and if an evil education and evil habit had tarnished what was originally bright, her most effectual means were now to be employed to purify and reform.

The young ambassador was received with all due honour and applause, on his return from a mission which had been attended with unparalleled success ; and the first time he appeared in public, the attention of a crowded assembly was divided only between him and a young beauty, who had made her first appearance in the
circles

circles of fashion about a week before. Having understood from some of his old female friends, several of whom were busily employed venting sly, but good-humoured reproaches against him, for certain infidelities he was said to have practised at the court of D——, that this was no other than the lady Adelaide Beauclerc, a first cousin of *Stampy's*, he suddenly lost all the curiosity he had felt to behold her, so powerful was the effect of the association of ideas produced by that name; but having, after a little time, reflected that she was an heiress nearly as wealthy as the possessor of the joint inheritances of Ellesmere and de Montfort, and having ascertained that her beauty was unalloyed by the loss of an eye, and that she had not been as yet heard to repeat Greek verses, he resolved to be introduced to her.

He had no reason to be dissatisfied with his resolution, for no more witching loveliness than now met his gaze had ever before filled him with admiration. Lady

Adelaide bore a strong resemblance to her aunt and godmother, the recluse of Amersville; and the reader will recollect how much he had been stricken by her presence when he first saw her, though then a boy. The involuntary respect he had felt for her, he had attributed, whenever he chanced to examine the workings of his mind, to a something of pure and holy which the protracted sorrows of widowhood had thrown around her; or it might perchance have arisen from the consideration of the nature of the relationship that was to have entitled her to his filial reverence; and therefore the fact of his having felt respect for one woman, did not now abate his surprise, when, as he approached a young and inexperienced girl, who seemed to have all the wildness of spirits, chequered with timidity natural to her age, he felt a kind of gravity and perplexity, something even approaching to abashment, fastening on him with so forcible a grasp, that no effort could set him free, not even when he forced

forced a laugh at the awkward figure he needs must make under the impression of sensations so novel, and which he plainly perceived did not escape the notice of those around him.

Whenever he had wished heretofore to creep into the good graces of the young, the timid, and the inexperienced, the affectation of a corresponding timidity had been one of the chief instruments he had set in play for the purpose; but then he had it, as it were, in his hand, and could wield it with all possible dexterity, throwing round it all that was soft, graceful, and insinuating; but now the feeling was genuine, was absolutely his own, and wanted nothing of the awkwardness that usually accompanies it.

His congratulations on the young lady's entrance into life—his compliments, grounded on the good fortune of that society which was no longer deprived of her presence, were stammered out, and quite destitute of that fluency and warmth

of expression by which his gallant conversation was characterized ; and when he led her out to dance, her admirers having all yielded her to one who basked in the sunshine of royal favour, he was quite confounded to feel his hand tremble as violently as her own.

He danced with much solemnity and decomposure, and was every now and then aroused from a reverie by a secret twitch from some one or other of the gay partners of more sprightly hours.

When lady Adelaide retired with her mother, the new Corydon (the man was decidedly entitled to some such name) having retired to a remote, dark corner of the saloon, sat quietly amidst the agreeable perfume of expiring tapers, which he thought not of, while a few couples were still dancing at the upper end. He was busily employed in self-interrogation as to the strange and unwonted feelings by which he had been oppressed, together with certain ruminations—birth, rank, and
above

above all, the number of admirers of the lady Adelaide—such as are among the strongest symptoms of growing love, when he was suddenly tapped on the shoulder by the heroic fair one who was wounded by his side in the course of his military career, and who had ever since that memorable epoch thought herself entitled, as she had assumed the boldness of mind, so also to assume the boldness of manners by which the rougher half of our species is characterized—“What! what, signor ambassador,” she exclaimed, “all amont? has he who has hitherto made a sport of Cupid, or has used his wings to mount ambition’s giddy heights, at last yielded himself a prey to the ever-watchful deity? Is the eye too of a baby, just from the nursery, the snare he has thought fit to use for the enthrallment of the mighty one who scorned his power, thereby shewing that his indulgence was mistaken for a lack of that power? resolve me, thou conqueror

of hearts—thou leader of hosts—thou prince of diplomatists ?”

“Thou mayest have erred for once, my pretty Thalestris,” replied our hero, rising from his seat, and tapping her cheek ; then leading her to a small group who still continued dancing, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, joined in the exercise with all his wonted spirit ; but as he retired to his couch, his mind filled with the image of his beautiful Adelaide, he felt that it was the severest exertion, both of mind and body, he had ever been prompted to.

The heart of our hero was indeed smitten, and the symptoms of the malady under which he now laboured were violent, in proportion to the length of time he had been exempted from its effects. He was assiduous in his attendance on the fair object of his affections, “for to that fashion it had come at last ;” and soon saw his many rivals retire before the superior influence of
of

of his planet, or his genius—a species of triumph which he had often enjoyed, but never very highly valued before.

He was at first a good deal galled by the railleries of his acquaintance, particularly the female part of them; but he soon learned to bear them with tolerable patience, consoling himself with the new and delightful sentiment which had taken possession of his soul. The whole system of his feelings, his pleasures, and his employments, underwent a thorough change: he was less assiduous in his attendance at court—thought with less pleasure of the power and dignity, the meeds of which had heretofore swam before his mind in many a splendid day-dream—he read much, frequented public places little, unless in company with Adelaide; and when he did occasionally mingle in the gay circle, of which he was the soul, he found it impossible to meet the sarcasms which formerly were rebutted with all the vivacity and fire of wit, with more than a silent smile.

He had been used to treat the gravest subjects in a light and careless manner; he was now not unfrequently solemn, sententious, and philosophical, when talking on the most trivial. His mind was full of a strange, confused, perplexed feeling, which seemed totally at war with all that was used to pass in it, and which often rose to a degree of pain that nothing could relieve or dispel but tears—tears which filled him with surprise, for he could form no distinct notion as to their source. If he reviewed the long series of those with whom he had associated in his passage through life, he could not fix on one whom, in his present mood, he would not willingly have declined all converse with, except his early benefactor, if he were living, and lady Ellesmere. The mild manners and lofty sentiments of the former, which had pleased him when a child, were now remembered with satisfaction; and many an hour was spent in solitary rambles through those scenes where he had felt their influence;

flourish; it was in such scenes, winding through the quiet lane, or pacing the retired hedge-row path, that he loved to contemplate the future, when Adelaide would live for him alone; and when, if Fortune favoured his efforts, she would shine in that elevated sphere, to move in which he now looked forward with pleasure chiefly on her account; or when, if those efforts should prove abortive, he would find her arms a safe and pleasant shelter from the tempests of life; however rudely they might howl round him, they would but rock him to a slumber, perhaps more sweet and tranquil than the silken couch of prosperous grandeur ever afforded.

The lord Rivers (our hero had been recently ennobled by the favour of his sovereign) would a few weeks before have laughed at thoughts such as these, would have termed them childish and romantic; but he now would have thought it almost impious in any one to hint that they were less sound than he felt they were pleasant;

pleasant or insipid, the reader will determine to his own experience, and his mind.

... which we have described
... of love generally, and not of
... ular circumstances attendant on
an individual passion. In the tumult of
his first sensations, our hero had scarcely
had time to examine of what nature were
the less prominent, but far most important
qualities of his mistress's mind, those qua-
lities which were to render her fit or un-
fit for the cares and pleasures of domestic
life; what chance there was of his finding
that entire return of affection, which was
necessary to glut a soul that loved with
the same wild and impetuous ardour as
that which marked all its other emotions;
what chance indeed there was of his being
able to bear away a prize, for which there
seemed likely to be a host of anxious and
formidable competitors: with respect to
this last consideration, all apprehension

was

was soon removed, by the marked preference with which he was received by the family of Adelaide—a preference in which she, whatever might be her real inclinations, seemed to acquiesce, though with so much apathy, that some of the would-be suitors, while they laboured under the mortification of disappointment, alledged that she would bestow her hand without her heart, in compliance with the will of her friends, and to gratify their ambition by means of the court favour enjoyed by lord Rivers, perhaps to gratify her own.

Thus freed from all apprehension of rivalry, our hero had leisure to feed his spirit with that active and intense admiration, which at first seemed capable of completely occupying it; but the delusion which supplies us with any thing approaching to perfect happiness in this lower world, is never of long duration, and the active mind soon reverts to inquiries concerning the amount of joy it hath, or the means of securing it, or the means of augmenting it.

So

So it happened in the present instance ; the first glow of pride and satisfaction derived from the rich conquest he had with so little trouble achieved, began to subside in the mind of the lover ; and a secret discontent, the existence of which he would at first scarcely own to himself, gradually usurped its place. The first impulse he received to this train of feeling was from a brilliant sally of wit, by which Adelaide obtained the admiration of a numerous and intelligent company : for some time after his acquaintance with her commenced, he had been amused and delighted with this talent, which she possessed in a very high degree, as well as with all the shewy and elegant accomplishments by which she was distinguished ; for she danced with exquisite grace, touched the lute with a masterly hand, and painted and wrought tapestry with such skill, that several of her specimens were considered by good judges to equal the finest productions of the Italian pencil, or the Flemish loom.

These

These attractions were now not so much felt; they were beautiful—but what had they to do with fire-side enjoyment, with the bliss of home? one look of tenderness and passion was fairly worth them all.

Love had checked the wildness of our hero's temperament; in his most happy moments, he was still calm and pensive: it seemed to have had an opposite effect upon Adelaide; every inquiry he made induced him to think, that since she had received his addresses, she was more lively and joyous than before. He would rather have seen her melancholy; could love produce such opposite effects? it had not increased his spirits—why should it hers? When they conversed together by themselves, she was all life and animation; her remarks were spirited, striking, and brilliant; but if he attempted to win her over to the tone of sentiment and feeling that prevailed in his own mind, all his efforts were vain; a remark fraught with tenderness, or that loftiness of thought that characterizes

racterizes refined and virtuous love, was sure to be turned off with some sprightly sally; and the eloquence of passion was often interrupted by a laugh that conveyed a doubt of its sincerity, and seemed to indicate an incapability of feeling it.

Yet the wit of Adelaide, though of keenest point, was never pressed to the infliction of the slightest wound; and her mirth was playful and innocent as that of a child, untinged with the slightest admixture of prurient levity: the lover, while he sighed over what he conceived her want of soul, was too just to condemn her for not participating in his feelings; and could not, if he had wished it, love less the amiable creature whom her own innoxious nature seemed to supply with a sufficient fund of happiness, though there were no eye to admire, no heart to love her: but he had still a stronger motive for discontent than that which resulted from her want of profound feeling; he was doubtful whether he had any return of
love;

love; if that was the case, the best hypothesis he could adopt was sufficiently painful—namely, that she was incapable of affection; for if she was not, then she either loved another now, or the time might come when she would. She had appeared to accept his suit without reluctance, she marked no disinclination to his constant attendance on her, and she never seemed to think of another lover; all this tended to satisfy him that there was no existing rival; but was there a heart in her bosom? and if there was, did there exist some dangerous unknown, who could impel it to throb?

These were questions which our hero repeated to himself, till the uneasiness derived from his inability to answer them satisfactorily, produced another change in the frame of his mind; he became peevish, irritable, and sullen; he was standing on the brink of a precipice, or if his fears in that respect were deceiving him, he was to languish and pine during life with burning
thirst

thirst for that cup of love he was never to quaff: often now did he call to mind the love of the poor slighted Isabel, and think that Heaven was punishing him for the treatment she had received at his hands; often did he think of her gentle entreaty, that she might not be an object of derision and insult to him she loved, and weep over his cruelty; he was wretched, though the placid and contented smile of her he loved was ever at his command; what must be the feelings of that heart whose humble and timid, yet anxious claims for love, were resisted with contumely? Often did he wish he could infuse into the heart of the careless and indifferent Adelaide a small portion of that strong, irrepressible affection which he had scorned; dearly as he loved her, to have seen her for a short period pale and pining with jealousy, would have rendered him superlatively blest.

He even made several attempts to bring her to this state, and he thought he could
perceive

perceive some uneasiness at first ; but whether the lively fair one was too sharp-sighted, or really insusceptible of jealousy, or that his love was too violent to admit of disguise, she soon recovered her wonted serenity : thus disappointed, his ill-humour increased ; but it was fortunate she who had begotten it was admirably formed by nature to bear it ; if he jeered her, she laughed with him at her own expence ; if he was sullen, she soothed him ; if he was bitter, she pitied him, but never took offence ; this was infinitely distressing ; could he have seen her eyes sparkle with rage—could he have heard her tongue pour forth the sharpest invective, it would have been a cordial to his broken spirits. In the whole system of our nature, there is no principle so wayward, so unintelligible, as love ; they little understand it who imagine that kindness and graciousness are its constant attributes.

If there had been no circumstances in the conduct of Adelaide calculated to keep
alive

alive the hope that there were some seeds of feeling in her bosom, which, with sedulous culture, might be made to germinate, perhaps the tumult of her lover's mind might have settled, though slowly and reluctantly, into a half-satisfied tranquillity; but hope, if it often soothes, often prolongs our pains; and there were some feeble grounds in the present instance to justify its indulgence.

The spirits of the girl, perhaps, overcame feeling and affection, when there was at bottom no lack of them; certain it was, that she could occasionally utter sentiments sublime, tender, and energetic, though she seemed to forget them the next moment, and could not carry on any conversation homogeneous with, and grounded on them. He had more than once surprised her into a copious flood of tears, by the perusal of a tale of distress; but on such occasions she always flew from the room, and returned only on the condition that he would close the volume, as if such emotions

tions were unsuited to the texture of her mind.

If he ever visited her unexpectedly, there was a flush of joy on her countenance, which, however, immediately subsided, and after all, might be only the effect of surprise.

But above all, she was once serious and pensive for several hours, when he had fasted the day before, in order to look ill, and complained that the agitation of his mind was wearing down his frame. But the experiment he had made on this occasion he unfortunately could not renew, for his joy at what he thought, in the first glow of his feelings, complete success, induced a confession, (joy is ever loquacious) while the ravenous appetite with which he made himself amends, in her presence, for his abstinence, might have rendered such confession superfluous; and on cool consideration, he began to apprehend that some accidental cause might have contributed to produce, or might have wholly produced, the phenomenon which had given him

him so much pleasure ; he cursed the precipitance that had rendered his experiment incomplete, and lost even the shade of triumph that such apprehension left him, when, on diligent inquiry, he discovered that a favourite linnet had paid the debt of nature half-an-hour previous to his visit.

Often did he now revile that shewy education which he had hitherto thought indispensable for women ; often did he wish that Adelaide had been brought up amidst the shades of Amersville, that her mind had been nourished by the tender sentiments, the soft sorrows, of her whose name she bore ; when he called to mind the single eye of Isabel, filled as it was with all her parent's soul, he thought he could be satisfied with one in her cousin, were it such an one ; slight evils did he consider the awkwardness and clumsiness which had once excited his disgust and derision, when compared with the heartlessness that renders even beauty but a splendid snare ; and often, when exhausted by fruitless efforts

to

to communicate the warmth of his own passion, he retired to his chamber, to exchange the vexation that filled his bosom for a participation in the sorrows of the sad Antigone, or the self-devoted Alcestes, satisfied to die for her bosom's lord, provided his exclusive love was hers in the grave—often, while he confessed the influence of the attic muse—often, while his heart swelled with the joy of grief, did he think of her who could have shared in pleasures which the vulgar taste not of, and pronounce that the grossest of prejudices, which condemned their participation with that amiable, that impassioned sex, who are best qualified to relish them—that sex whose participation can multiply every joy a thousand fold, and infuse some sweetness into the bitterest cup that poor humanity is doomed to taste of.

CHAP. VI.

Οὐκ ἐπὶ πᾶσι σίφοντις ἀγαθοῖς
 Ἀγαμεινον, Ατρεως
 Δῖι δὲ σε χαίρου, καὶ λυπεῖσθαι
 Θνητος γὰρ εἶφες' κἄν μὴ σὺ θέλης,
 Τα θιω ἔτω Βελομιν' ἴσθαι.

EURIPIDES *Iphigenia in Aut.*

.....

Three things a wise man will not trust—

The wind, the sunshine of an April day,
 And woman's plighted faith. I have beheld
 The weathercock upon the steeple's point,
 Steady from noon-till eve; and I have seen
 The bees go forth upon an April morn,
 Secure the sunshine will not end in showers;
 But when was woman true?

SOUTHEY.

OUR hero was so engrossed with his passion, that he at first abated of much of the diligence with which he had been used to forward his interests at court, and at length almost

almost wholly absented himself. The numerous enemies his talents and his success had procured him, were by no means satisfied with his thus leaving the field open to their exertions. He would be a dangerous competitor, whenever his love *mania* might leave him leisure to appear again in the race of ambition; and it was therefore natural to suppose, that they would not be idle in inflaming any anger which the monarch, or his favourite, might imbibe from his neglect.

He soon had reason to wish he had never sought the dangerous favour he had enjoyed, or that having obtained, he had not presumed to relax in his endeavours to preserve it.

As he was preparing one morning to visit his mistress, he was disagreeably withheld from fulfilling his intention, by the arrival of an officer with orders to arrest him, on a charge of traitorous correspondence with the enemy. His papers were seized, and he himself conveyed to prison,

where he remained for a month, not, indeed, deprived of any thing that might conduce to his bodily comfort, but, on that very account, more at liberty to torture his mind by painful reflections as to the cause and probable consequences of so unlooked-for a misfortune.

At the end of the month he was liberated; his first care was to visit his mistress; but what were his feelings on being refused admittance, notwithstanding that, as he approached the house, he had seen her and her mother at a window! he wrote to her, but received a cool answer from her mother, declining all further intercourse: he inquired as to her conduct during his imprisonment, and learned that she had exhibited no symptom of uneasiness, had appeared at several places of public amusement, and would in all probability soon make her election among a crowd of suitors, who were again pressing around her.

Confounded and astonished by the treatment

ment he had received, two days had elapsed before he felt himself sufficiently recovered to ascertain the cause of his imprisonment; he then appeared in the antichamber of the great cardinal, where he met several of his formerly obsequious friends, who now appeared to have entirely forgotten him. He at first imagined that his confinement, or the chagrin occasioned by the infidelity of his mistress, might have impaired his looks, and the soreness of his heart rendered such a supposition perfectly probable; but he soon found, on endeavouring to establish his identity, that their loss of memory was the result of some cause less easily removed; the dissatisfaction, however, arising from this circumstance, soon merged in the greater evil of an abrupt message from his patron, desiring to have no further intercourse with him.

The reader will easily conceive in what temper of mind he returned home; he thought that at least Fortune had now done her worst, that she could have no further

evil in store for him ; but he was next day painfully undeceived, by the visit of an officer, with a message from Wolsey, directing him to quit the kingdom, on pain of death, within forty days ; and notifying to him the resumption of the estates by which the royal favour had enriched, at the same time that it had ennobled him. The suspicion that still attached to him, he was informed, rendered such measures necessary, though it was not sufficiently strong to justify the bringing him to trial.

He thought of nothing now but of the easiest method of abandoning that life in which all that could have rendered it valuable seemed snatched for ever from his grasp ; but he had the leisure of many days to contemplate self-destruction, and while he contemplated it, the impulse to it gradually subsided.

Assailed by mighty ills, the mind recoils from the prospect of terrible endurance, and the quiet of the grave seems lovely ; but the thirst for life returns, if the sufferer
have

have time to dwell upon that quiet ; profound and interminable, the imagination has yet, in the recency of affliction, energy to cope with it ; but if the contest be prolonged, the low but constantly and anxiously pleading voice of nature is heard, and that energy subsides ; the immensity of eternal darkness, eternal silence, resumes its terrors, and the heart humbly acquiesces in the rest that patience affords it ; while a ray of that hope that seemed for ever departed, returns, and cheers it with a sweet though feeble gleam.

After a week of despondency, lord Rivers determined to reserve himself for better days, if haply they might arrive, and took counsel with his spirit with regard to his future proceedings. Of all the wealth he had recently possessed, nothing remained to him but the wreck of his father's comparatively small property, for he had made it a wreck, in his pursuit of aggrandizement ; this he sold forthwith, deriving from its sale what he thought would suffice

for his support, till he should have made known to some foreign prince those talents which his own capricious sovereign now refused to employ.

About the time he had completed this arrangement, he was somewhat surprised by the receipt of a letter from the one-eyed maiden of Amersville, informing him that she had become acquainted with his misfortunes, and offering him the whole or any part of the forfeited inheritance that might be useful to him: the property was quite useless, she said, to her; first, because her paternal inheritance exceeded her wants; and, secondly, because she had determined never to marry. She had loved in the cradle, and in the cradle her love had been blighted; she had the guarantee of early impressions for her adherence to her resolution.

The letter was a composition of singular beauty; it was simple, yet elegant, fraught with erudition, but that erudition was untinged with the slightest shade of pedantry, and

and so amalgamated with the fine and delicate sentiments of the writer, that none but the deeply versed and acutely discerning could perceive that it *was* erudition; and she was probably herself unconscious of it: every topic of consolation adapted to the situation of the fallen favourite, was urged with force and feeling; and a tenderness pervaded the whole, that convinced him that there was at least one person in the world whom his misfortunes had not changed, and who would be happy to forget his unkindness and share his exile.

“No, generous girl,” he exclaimed, in a fit of enthusiasm, as he laid down the letter; “never, by Heaven! will I alleviate my own sufferings by depositing a portion of them in a heart that seems too full of wonderful goodness for any man to deserve to possess it: never shall it be said, that I, who disdained thy love when in prosperity, selfishly accepted it as a shield against misfortune and oppression: never shalt thou unite thy fate to that of a wretched

outcast: long may thy virtues flourish in that beloved land which Providence meant them to adorn—that land which I, alas! can no longer serve, unless, perchance, the prayers of the unfortunate, as I have heard holy men say, find peculiar favour in heaven! Generous girl, highly as I would prize the boon, which I well perceive thy soft, thy forgiving nature would bestow on me, neither that will I accept, nor any part of those possessions, which thou well deservest should be increased rather than diminished, and which will in thy hands be so worthily used; mayest thou find the happiness due to thy virtues, and forget, if thou canst, him who spurned thy inestimable affection, of which he would prove himself doubly unworthy, were he now to take advantage of it!”

Our hero's determination not to sue for the hand of Isabel was perfectly sincere and steadfast; how far it might have been influenced by the thoughts of one eye, and a coarse and awkward form, we do not take
upon

upon us to decide; certain it is, that he himself always considered it as the greatest proof he could give of self-denial and a regenerated heart.

He was now prepared to fulfil the harsh mandate of his sovereign, but as that had left him a right to remain still several days in his native land, he determined to spend a portion of them in visiting those whom he now thought the only persons in the world whose society was worth seeking—that is, his friends of Amersville, and arranging with them a plan of correspondence, which he thought would be the sweetest solace of his exile.

He had already dismissed the entire of his retinue, except one domestic, whom he had taken into his service shortly after his return from the continent, and who, by very particular assiduity, and rare honesty, had won his good-will and confidence. Accompanied by this man, he set out on his excursion; and oh! with how deep an interest did he now, as he passed along,

view those fertile fields, those pleasant, those sunny banks, those fine shaded slopes, which he was in all probability, after the lapse of a few short days, never again to behold ! the tinkling of every sheep-bell, the low of every herd, the rude carol of every peasant, seemed to him most grateful music ; frequently did his eyes fill with tears, and frequently did he pour forth a pathetic farewell to the land in which he had first inhaled the breath of heaven, and spread his gaze through its vast expanse.

He arrived at Amersville a little before bed-time on the evening of the third day ; a domestic whom he did not remember to have seen before, answered his ring at the gate of the great outer-court, and in reply to his inquiries, informed him that lady Ellesmere and her daughter had that morning gone on a visit to the seat of a nobleman in the neighbourhood, and were not expected to return for some days. Chagrined by this intelligence, he rode forward to a small hostel that was situated outside the

the park, where he passed the night; and the next morning dispatched his trusty James with a letter to Isabel, acquainting her with his arrival, and desiring a short interview with her and her mother, either at Amersville, or where she then was.

While he awaited the return of his messenger, having nothing to employ him but his own melancholy thoughts, he walked out into the fields, in order to indulge them with greater freedom: careless of whither he rambled, he followed a path, which passing through a range of meadows, wound with an easy acclivity to the top of a green eminence, on which the ruins of a small chapel, half covered with ivy, were situated in the centre of a cemetery, thickly planted with yew and cypress. It was now that time of the day when the feathered songster shuns, in the dark brake, the too powerful heat—when the industrious labourer remits his toil, and seeks the coarse refreshment that hunger renders delicious. The spade lay idle on the ridge,

and the scythe upon the sward ; silence was upon the earth, and the sun walked in solitary majesty through the heavens ; his beam smote hot upon the rudely chiselled stones that covered the remains of the hamlet's sires, long reckless of sun or storm. A sweet and solemn feeling, divested, by the brightness of the blue æther, of all the darker shades of melancholy, sprung in the bosom of the solitary wanderer ; he passed from tomb to tomb, perusing the artless tribute with which some sorrowing relative had endeavoured to preserve the memory of each humble individual, to whose loss the world could not be indifferent, since it to them rendered life a blank.

Some curious fragments of ancient sculpture caught his eye, through a chasm in the walls of the chapel, and he entered its precincts to survey them ; he found a series of rude monuments, almost defaced by time, which had been erected successively to commemorate the virtues of several representatives of a family, who, as it appeared

peared from these frail remembrancers, had once been great and powerful in the circumjacent district, but of whom now no one knew, but what their half-consumed epitaphs told.

As he turned away, after a vain attempt to fill up by conjecture what was wanting in one of these, his attention was arrested by a slab of ruder workmanship than any of those he had viewed, but which appeared to have escaped the general neglect into which the others within the chapel had fallen; the docks, and nettles, and thistles, were carefully cleared away from around it, and in their place a sward of thyme, rosemary, and other scented herbs, seemed to be sedulously tended; the honeysuckle climbed up the wall beneath which it was placed, its tendrils hanging in profusion over it, and a single white rose bloomed upon a stem that rose from a cleft over the bosom of the tenant of that narrow mansion. The inscription on the stone
was

was short and simple, but undefaced ; it
was as follows :

MARY ARNOLD,

was

Young and beautiful,

she

Loved and trusted,

was

Deceived,

and

Died.

A tear started in the eye of lord Rivers—
“ Poor girl ! ” said he, “ thou didst ~~not~~
seek for posthumous honours ; shunning
the observation of man in the obscurity of
some lowly cottage, did thy poor heart
break ; here, in this obscure nook, were thy
remains deposited, and no one thought of
saving thee from oblivion ; but those who
sought to be remembered are forgotten ;
their gorgeous monuments are mouldering
around them ; their efforts were vain ; they
had

had no hold of the human heart; while to thy low grave has many a poor, unfortunate, deceived like thyself, daily repaired; and, lost to every other enjoyment, solaced her sad heart by the care she bestowed upon it; the sod is fresh around it, the tear of pity drops upon the attless tale it unfolds, and this beauteous and fragrant flower seems to issue from a bosom pure and spotless as itself."

While our hero was thus musing, he heard the gate of the cemetery open, and looking from a small window in the chapel half-shaded with ivy, he perceived a funeral procession slowly advancing towards an open grave, that had till then escaped his observation; a tall, pale, thin old man was at the head of the procession, as chief-mourner. The coffin was silently deposited in its receptacle, the usual prayers repeated, and a requiem sung by a few young girls who were present. The old man then knelt upon the grave, he looked like one whom protracted suffering had

had dried up the source of tears; he wept not, nor did his voice tremble; but in the very composure of his grief, its depth was discernible; he clasped his hands, and fixed his eyes upon the sod—"My Ellen," said he; "image of her in whose society I found a dear, but fleeting joy, when hope was young, thou art gone, and has left thy wretched parent alone upon the earth. Ellen, thou wert my nurse in sickness, my comforter in poverty and affliction; thou couldst not share my pleasures, for since thou wert first cradled in these arms, no ray of pleasure has been mine, till but a little while since, when an angel interposed between this toil-worn frame, this grief-ravaged heart, and the pressure of adversity; and then, Ellen, then thou wouldst not that the gracious aid should aught avail me, thou wouldst not that a faint and languid joy should smile upon my closing hour, but as if thou hadst only waited upon this earth, till thou couldst see thy sire shielded from want; thus soon didst thou heave
thy

thy last soft sigh, soon didst thou sink placidly to rest, like one weary with watching, and conscious that they have fulfilled their trust ; soon did thy gentle spirit wing its way to that abode where sorrow comes not, and for which thy sufferings and thy virtues had fitted thee. It was not to be ; at an early stage of this mortal pilgrimage did sorrow fasten on me ; the grasp was firm, and never to be loosed. Ellen, thou didst not stay to give me joy ; but thy loss, while it inflicts, abridges suffering ; with quickened pace I hurry to the silent house, in humble adoration of that Providence whose ways are inscrutable. Dark, dark are the few days that remain to me, yet, while they last, have I one dear and grateful duty to perform ; oh, never will I kneel by this green hillock, that covers my lost treasure, and pour my orisons to Heaven, but the most fervent prayer shall speed for the soul's health and worldly happiness of her who smoothed thy bed of death, my Ellen, of her whose bounty now enables thy father

ther to mourn, tranquilly and unmolested by the importunate goadings of want, his last and most terrible misfortune. Oh, gracious Isabel, the orphan's friend, the widow's comforter, the stay of the oppressed, the light of the wretched, long, long mayest thou be spared to those over whom thou watchest, as a shepherd over his flock, as a dove over her nestlings !”

The old man ceased ; he did not throw himself on the earth, he did not beat his breast, or tear his hair ; he rose and leaned on his staff, and looked towards heaven ; but in that mute look there was more of anguish to be read, than any frantic gestures could unfold ; and yet there was discernible, mixed with that anguish, the conviction that he was looking towards a home to which his bowed and shattered spirit was rapidly approaching.

“ But for the lady Isabel,” said a female peasant, covering with kisses a child she held in her arms, “ I should not have you now, my poor baby, to nurse or fondle ;
thy

thy sweet prattle would have been hushed for ever."

"But for the lady Isabel," said a robust, middle-aged man, "my ten children would have now wanted a father; when my wife—I had well nigh followed her—her long sickness had left me very poor; to say the truth, I never was very rich; but while Gertrude was living, poverty never gave me much uneasiness; I laboured hard, and if I fed scantily, I slept sound; when I left my cottage, I was always sure that my children remained in it, under the care of one who loved them as her own soul; and though, as it turned out, the poor thing was herself dying of hard labour and little comfort, she had always a smile and a pat on the cheek, ready to cheer me when I was faint-hearted. I moped, and pined, and sulked, God forgive me, when I lost her; I had no heart to labour; instead of getting bread for my children, I could only press them in my arms, and cry over them; they who had been always cleanly, and active, and lively, while their mother was living, were
now

now ragged, and dirty, and peevish. I was spending a miserable time of it, and sure enough I should have been with Gertrude now, but that the lady Isabel heard of my situation, and came to assist me. She paid a person who undertook the care of three of the youngest of the children, she supplied the rest and myself with nourishing food, and with clothing, and she spoke to me in a manner that I never met with in any one but herself; every word she uttered seemed to sink into my heart; she chid me, and said I was flying in the face of Providence, and acting cruelly in leaving my children without a friend; but her chiding was so gentle, it was as if she was soothing me. The good old abbot had visited me before, and given me money, and spoken a great deal, but I hardly understood a word he said; but there was no word the lady Isabel said but I understood and felt: well, she came often, and by degrees, I began to shake off my sorrow, and settle to my work, and my eldest girl turned out active and thrifty; she was much
stronger

stronger than her poor mother ; and I was soon able to take home the children, and, with the lady Isabel's assistance, whom I would go through fire and water to serve, I got into better circumstances than ever I had been in before ; I began to be able to think of Gertrude, without feeling as if my heart would break ; but within these few minutes I do feel again as if my heart would break, and as if she had died but yesterday ;" so saying, the poor man dashed a tear from his eye with the sleeve of his jerkin, pressed the hand of his daughter, which he held in his, and retired to a remote corner of the church-yard, which was screened by a clump of cypress, and where the remains of his Gertrude lay, to vent his emotion unobserved.

The conversation proceeded ; there was scarcely a rustic peasant but had some instance to unfold of the benevolence of Isabel ; and many was the blessing invoked on her head, many the prayer put up to Heaven for her welfare.

The

ger had not returned, and he took his place, while some refreshment was preparing for him, by his host, who was seated on a bench by the door of his dwelling, enjoying over a can of ale the cool evening breeze that was beginning to murmur in the foliage of a sycamore that shaded it. Having questioned him with respect to various matters, he gradually led the conversation round to the young lady of the castle, who was no sooner mentioned, than the good man launched out into a warm strain of panegyric, in which, having continued for some time, he added—"But the dear young lady, while she makes all round her happy, is herself, if I may believe one of the maidens, who has the good luck to be employed in her service, far from happy; she is never indeed heard to complain; but Beatrice, that is the girl's name, has often, when she has gone unexpectedly into her chamber, found her in tears, which she always endeavoured to conceal; and her mother is often heard to sooth her, as though she

she were in deep affliction ; while she, on the other hand, assures her that her mind is perfectly at ease. Beatrice, indeed, says, that she has of late been more cheerful than usual, and we are all in hopes, for we all love her dearly, and well we may, that whatever secret cause of discontent has been preying upon her heart, is gradually wearing away."

" But what," said Lord Rivers, " is this cause supposed to be ?"

" Beatrice says it is love," replied the host ; " and all the good women in the neighbourhood agree with her ; you know, master, that women find no good, and no evil, without love having something to do with it ; love for a young spark, who was to have been married to her by will, as it were ; but it seems it wasn't his will, for he wouldn't have her, more fool he ; he may look farther and fare worse ; for my own part, I hardly think this can be the cause, for when she last saw him, she was,

methinks, too young to fall so desperately in love,"

The ale had rendered the host loquacious, and he was proceeding in his comments, when lord Rivers started up, thinking he heard the trampling of a horse. The host listened—"Yes," said he, "it's your messenger, but he is still a great way off; the road is hard, and when a horseman passes under yonder cliffs to the right, their echoes increase the sound of the trampling in such a manner, that it seems much nearer than it is; it is, without doubt your messenger, for often a week passes in these lone parts without a traveller passing; but he will not be here for several minutes, so that we may have our chat out before he arrives."

Our hero, who was impatient to hear of his friends, in whom he began to take a warm interest, could not be persuaded to hear the remainder of what the good man had to say, but advanced to meet James, who

who soon appeared, riding at full speed, his horse white with foam, and himself apparently in great agitation. As soon as he reached his master, he threw himself from the animal, crying, "Oh, my lord, I have sad news for you!"

"How! is the lady Ellesmere or her daughter dead?"

"What I have to relate," said the man, "concerns not them; but yourself alone."

"What can relate to me alone, that should fill you with such perturbation? can any evil affect one, the measure of whose sufferings is already full?"

"You have no time now, my lord, for reflections of that kind," said James; "nor can I be too brief in relating the occurrence that has alarmed me on your account. When I had reached the high road, beyond which Neville Castle is situated, I found it necessary to stop at a small hostel to refresh my horse; while I was standing at the door, waiting till he had eaten his corn, two men well armed, with harsh
H 2 countenances,

countenances, and of robust make, rode up, alighted, and going into the house, desired to have some refreshment ; I at first took no notice of them, but some snatches of their conversation reaching my ear, I heard your name mentioned ; this surprised, and rendered me attentive ; but the conversation was now carried on in so low a tone of voice, that I could not distinguish a word that was said ; fortunately my curiosity and apprehension on your account was so forcibly excited, that I determined to abandon the business upon which I was sent, till I had ascertained what these persons were about ; I accordingly went in to where they were seated, just as they had finished their repast, and having entered into conversation with them, did my utmost to invite them to drink, affecting to have myself drank too much, and offering, with the generosity of a drunken man, to pay for whatever liquor they would take. My stratagem had the desired effect ; our horses were ready at the same time ; I
watched

watched till I saw the direction they took, and followed, as if my business led the same way. They soon became communicative, and I learned from them, that the suspicions entertained against your lordship have become stronger; that in consequence, officers have been dispatched to the various ports of the continent, with orders to arrest you, it being supposed that you have already left the kingdom, and my two companions were proceeding on this very business to a northern port."

"What!" said our hero, mournfully, "are poverty and exile evils of too slight a nature to glut the malice of my persecutors?"

"Your lordship will forgive me for interrupting you," said James; "but, this I must repeat, is no time for reflection; you cannot be too expeditious, if you mean to save your life; I did what I could to put some of those who are in quest of you upon a wrong scent, informing them that a person exactly answering the description

gave of you had passed two days ago in the very direction they had taken; they seemed gratified with this intelligence, and said they would draw the vigilance of the government to the proper point; so that I trust you will be able to avail yourself of their remissness in some other. As soon as I learned all I wanted to know, I watched for the first lane that might present itself on either side the road. We soon reached one, and I abruptly turned into it, saying that it led homewards. I pushed on, apparently in great haste, as if I had been losing time; but a thick hedge soon intercepting me from their view, I stopped beneath it, till I thought they were at a sufficient distance, and then made the best of my way hither, considering, as I rode along, what would be the best course for your lordship to pursue; and if you will be guided by me, I think, imminent as your danger is, that you may yet escape your enemies. My father is the tenant of a small cottage on the coast, not far from

Dover,

Dover, where he gets a livelihood by fishing ; thither we must endeavour to arrive, as soon as the necessity of avoiding London, and all the more populous parts of the country, will permit us ; once there, you will be safe till an opportunity offers of getting over to France."

But a few hours before, lord Rivers thought life but of little value, yet the menaced deprivation of it now filled him with anxiety to preserve it, and stern resolution to sell it dearly, if it should be assailed. He immediately mounted his horse, and accompanied by his trusty domestic, plunged into the woodlands that, westward from Amersville, stretched to a great distance into the country, reposing sometimes in the open air, sometimes in an isolated cottage, when such an one presented itself, whose lonely inhabitants seemed to know nothing of the business of that world which had proscribed him. It was not, in consequence of the circuitous route which circumstances obliged him to take, till

the seventh day, that having travelled two hours before sunrise, as he ascended an eminence over which the road passed, between two close hawthorn hedges, that the broad expanse of waters met his delighted view.

The sun's disk had just cleared the surface, and was pouring a flood of fire athwart it: a little to the right, the coast of France appeared like a vapour on the horizon; numerous vessels were stealing along in different directions, their sails glistening like silver, in the fervid glow of the ascending luminary.

The silence of that early hour was broken only by the sweet warbling of a black-bird, that was perched on the spray of an ashen tree at some little distance, and by the occasional clamour of the rook, winging his way from an adjacent grove on the right, to some rich corn-lands through which the travellers had passed. The morning breeze was gently rising, and while it shook to the ground a portion of the dew-sprout

sprent blossoms with which the hawthorn was all white, it wafted a delicious fragrance to the sense.

The bosom which is fullest of that peace that passeth all understanding, yet feels depression amidst the dark expansion of a midnight waste, or the humid and murky gloom of a wintry atmosphere; while on the other hand, there are few instances in which the unfortunate are so unnerved by grief or peril, as to be incapable of receiving at least a momentary glow of pleasure, when beneath a pure sky; nature, all magnificent and lovely, lies spread before them, and a balmy breeze, that seems at war with woe, breathes fresh around them.

Edward confessed the influence of the hour, and, fallen as he was, and environed by pressing danger, he blessed the Almighty dispenser of light, and life, and joy, and invoked his protection from the malice of his enemies.

He had just concluded his brief orison, when James, pointing to the coast, which

lay at some distance beneath them, cried, "There's my father's cottage—does your lordship," said he, finding that his master had not perceived it, "observe yonder mill? if you will permit your eye to follow the course of stream by which it is worked, you will observe it emerging at intervals from the high banks which occasionally conceal it, till it enters yonder wood; a branch of it runs through, but another, for it soon divides, turns short, and soon issues from its concealment; there you may see it foaming among the dark rocks and pines, by which its fall down that steep bank is broken; you now lose sight of it again, but you may distinguish a vein of rich meadow land, under which it runs till it is once more discernible, when the dell opens on the shore. Does your lordship observe the ruined tower with a few elms scattered around it, on the further side?"

"I believe," said Edward, "my eye has now caught the cottage you mean; it is nearly opposite the ruin you have pointed out,

out, and on this side the stream a small garden rises above it, and a few stunted bushes defend it from the sea-breezes."

"Yes," said James; "and hard work my poor father has had to rear even that shelter, for those same breezes blow very severe for the greater part of the year; but there's some one coming out of the house; it's my father himself; see, he's at the beach now, and hauling down his boat from where she was left by last night's tide; if we push forward, we shall be time enough yet to speak with him before his tackle is prepared."

They now descended at a brisk trot towards the shore, and arrived at the cottage just as the old man was bearing his last net to the boat.

Having welcomed his son, he was made acquainted with the cause of his arrival, and expressed his hearty desire to co-operate for the deliverance of his illustrious guest. The dame of the cottage soon prepared a homely meal, consisting of eggs,

bacon, and fish, which she jocularly called the produce of her estate; and James sat down to regale himself; but Edward, whose less robust frame was worn with anxiety and watching, having expressed a desire for rest, the good old dame soon trimmed a rustic couch, in a small apartment that looked out upon the garden. It was a poor accommodation for one who had looked to lead armies, and influence the fate of nations; but his mind was bending itself to his fortunes; if all around him was homely, it was cleanly: he examined with complacency, while he was undressing, the grotesque pictures of the saints and martyrs, that ornamented the neatly white-washed wall; opened the casement, and inhaled the pleasant fragrance of the jasmine and honeysuckle that hung in profusion around it; then shutting it, and drawing close the thick, dark, homespun curtains of the bed, he laid himself down; he hum of bees, drawn by the growing heat, from a hive that stood on a bench beneath

beneath the window, soon lulled him to a pleasant and tranquil slumber, that lasted till the day was far advanced. He awoke refreshed, and armed with resolution to hazard any enterprize, however daring, to effect his escape.

His first step was to call his humble friends to counsel; he suggested the expediency of crossing the channel in an open boat, but the old man's skiff was wholly inadequate to the purpose, and it would be extremely hazardous to attempt hiring a sufficient vessel. Several other projects were canvassed; and it was at length resolved, that James should go constantly into Dover, and ascertain with what company every vessel was likely to sail for the opposite coast; whenever one went out which seemed to bear no suspicious persons, the fugitive was to embark in the skiff, and dropping down immediately underneath the shore, till nearly opposite the harbour, then put her head about, and make for the ship, to the master of which he

he would appear to be a passenger who had arrived from the metropolis or elsewhere, after he had sailed.

The necessary arrangements being made, James commenced that evening the performance of the duty assigned him; but no vessel sailed; the next day there were two departures, but both vessels were filled with troops and warlike stores for Calais, and of course were unfit to receive a fugitive from the higher powers; the third evening brought fresh disappointment; and on the fourth, while James was absent, Edward walked out to the eminence from which he had at first seen his present asylum, and from which he could discern a part of the road which his emissary must pass on his return.

The sun was descending rapidly in the west; the extreme verge of his disk already seemed to touch a thick wood, whose summits stretched in a lofty undulating line along the horizon; an ocean of flame glowed around, mellowing to a softer, richer

richer hue, the dark green foliage upon which it rested; a plain that stretched westward from the woods lay all in shade; this was bounded by a hill, that catching, amidst its dark hedges and scattered bushes, lines now straight and continued, now irregular and broken of the rich effulgence, in its turn threw darkness into a vale, at the farther extremity of which ran the passage on the road already mentioned; its surface, which was white, from the chalky nature of the soil, gleamed with so powerful a reflection, that the smallest object on it was distinctly visible.

Edward passed over a stile that separated the road by which he had ascended from a common scattered over with furze bushes, and thick brakes of intermingled holly and thorn, and having seated himself beneath one of these, he turned a wistful gaze towards the spot where he expected his messenger would soon appear.

The sun now sunk beneath the horizon, leaving the edges of some dark clouds that
were

were rising in the west, tinged with flame, which gradually changed to a deep, red flush, that softened as it ascended, and imperceptibly mingled with the sober grey of the evening sky. All was still on the height where the solitary fugitive was seated; but the tinkle of sheep-bells, the low of kine, and the halloo and whistle of rustic men, who had left their diurnal occupations, and were now driving homewards their respective flocks and herds, ascended clear and sonorous in various directions from the shrouding of a thick dew that was settling in the low lands, and, condensed into vapour, concealed the greater part of the landscape; a line of hills emerging here, a solitary eminence there, like a shore that bounded the waters, or an island that varied the surface of some wide-spread lake.

Edward sighed deeply, as he contrasted the unambitious quiet of the rural life, with the fervid and anxious hopes, the turbulent joys, and the terrible vicissitudes by which his own career, short as it yet was, had

had been marked. Two short months had not yet elapsed, since he was warm in the rays of royal favour, since the great envied, and the little bowed down before him. Now a fugitive, an outcast, from that country which he had served, and which had honoured him, he was looking to the protection of an existence despoiled of all that rendered it valuable, as the aim and end of all his hopes, all his exertions.

Had Adelaide, indeed, been faithful, or rather capable of love, for it was otherwise nugatory to talk of fidelity, that existence might still have been worth preserving, for even before the gorgeous visions of ambition had faded from his view, love had entered his soul, and partly weaned him from their allurements.

He sighed again, and raising his eyes from the turf, from which, sunk in reverie, he had been insensibly plucking the daisies that enamelled it, he again looked for his messenger. It was now almost too dark to distinguish any object at so great a distance,

tance, but something bright flashing suddenly in the twilight, from the dark, green bushes into which the road descended : straining his sight to discover what it might be, he thought he could discern, by the aid of the white surface on which they were advancing, two armed horsemen ; the clatter of hoofs which was faintly borne on the breeze assured him that he was not deceived : he was aware that the route by which they were approaching led to no place at which such persons were likely to have any business, unless they were in search of him, and howsoever unwillingly he admitted them, suspicions could not fail to arise in his mind that he was betrayed by him in whom he had confided ; yet he had had the power of betraying him before he was aware of his danger ; if he had then entertained any thoughts of so atrocious a proceeding, he certainly would not have put him on his guard ; could the temptation of a large reward have warped a mind by nature honest ?

Bewildered

Bewildered in the variety of conjectures that presented themselves, he stood for some time uncertain whether he should endeavour to conceal himself in the woods, or approach the cottage in which he had fondly hoped to have found a secure asylum, and, by favour of the growing darkness, ascertain whether his apprehensions might not have deceived him. He listened anxiously for the clatter of horses' hoofs, or the clink of arms; but all was still, and this circumstance determined him to adopt the bolder course of proceeding. He now crept silently towards the shore, stooping cautiously beneath every hedgerow that was too low to conceal him when erect, and at length stationed himself behind one from which he could see every thing that passed in front of the cottage; all was quiet; he could perceive by a light that appeared in one of the windows, the old dame busied about some household occupation.

The good fisherman had been all day
employed

employed repairing his boat, and he now came up from the shore, bearing on his shoulder the tools he had been using ; the light was shortly after extinguished, and both went down towards the stream to gather up some linen which had been out bleaching. Edward listened again with reviving hope ; there was no sound ; and he was now satisfied that the persons he had seen must have taken some road to their right, which led into the interior. He approached the cottage, and going into the room in which he slept, threw open the window, and while he inhaled the delicious fragrance of the wallflower, with which the still air was impregnated, he lost for a moment all thoughts of the evils he had sustained, and the perils by which he was still environed, in the delightful sensation that succeeds to dissipated terror.

He had not remained long in this situation, when a dog (he had made his way in so softly that he had not disturbed him, began to bark, and presently the footsteps
of

of some person approaching at a quick pace were distinctly heard; in a few seconds James was by his side.—“ Every thing, my lord,” said he, “ favours your escape; but there is no time to lose; I left a vessel in the harbour that had already bent her sails; there is not a soul on board of her besides the crew, except two female passengers, to whose society, I presume, your lordship will have no objection.”

“ Are they handsome?” asked Edward.

“ I have not seen them,” replied the other; “ but your lordship will have an opportunity of ascertaining that when you get on board; but as I said before, we have no time to lose; the vessel is without doubt half-a-league from the shore already; though for the matter of that too, there is scarcely a breath of wind, and what there is, is against her; however, delays are dangerous.”

The old pair now entered the cottage, and in the course of a few minutes, all being ready, the boat shoved off; Edward seating

seating himself at the helm, and James and his father having armed themselves with a pair of stout oars. She dropped silently down the shore, till at length James conceiving that they ought to be nearly in a line with the vessel, which the moon, just rising in full-orbed majesty from the deep, would enable them to distinguish, expressed his fears that some accident had prevented her sailing. These, however, were not of long continuance, for looking out a-head, they almost immediately perceived her prow slowly emerging from behind a point of land that screened the harbour from their view.

They lay-to till she had made about a quarter of a league of way, when briskly plying their oars, they cut the clear, green waters, that foaming round the prow of their slender bark, seemed to retire in a long, waving track of liquid flame from the stern. They were soon alongside of the vessel, into which lord Rivers ascended, after having remunerated his trusty escort
in

in a manner more proportioned to the value of their services, than the existing state of his finances.

There was not a soul on deck but the steersman, and the two female passengers, of whom James had made mention, who were seated abaft, wrapt in long cloaks, but almost immediately went below decks. Edward would at another season have been mortified at being deprived of an opportunity of indulging his gallant spirit, in quest of a soft hand, or a pair of speaking eyes; but concealment was now his object, and pleased at their withdrawing, he crept quietly forward to the head of the vessel, and wrapping himself up in his cloak, laid down, resting his head on the gunwale.

It was a lovely night; but night always woos to solemn thoughts; and while, arrayed in mild and sober majesty, it deprives calamity of its harsher sensations, it does it no violence,—fills not the bosom of
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the unfortunate with that gay and eager animation which is to them an augmentation, rather than a dispeller of misery, for they always feel that they have no legitimate title to a bounding heart, and a deeper despondency succeeds to exultation, in which the reason acquiesces not.

The exile was now in comparative safety, and had leisure to enjoy the scene around him. The moon had climbed into the heavens, and walked bright and majestic amidst the lesser stars, that shed a faint and fainter lustre as they approached her beautiful orb, from the remote and dark blue ether, where they glowed in uneclipsed splendor. A broad interminable line of pale and placid light fell upon the ocean, the bosom of which, ruffled by a slender breeze, lay all sparkling beneath, and every now and then a white sail stole silently athwart it.

Behind, the white cliffs of the dear land he loved with unextinguished ardour, had caught

caught the effulgence, and he saw, or imagined he saw, the opposite coast rising darker in the horizon.

The cries of seafaring-men encouraging to labour, which had come with gradually-subsiding sound from the receding shore, now died away altogether, leaving the stillness of the watery waste unbroken, but by the low ripple beneath the prow, and the occasional dash of the surge raised by the pressure of her own bulk against the side of the vessel. A sweet calm pervaded the soul of the exile; he doubted whether the flush of joy were equal to it; he doubted whether he felt any resentment against the insensible, rather than perfidious Adelaide; he doubted whether he would, if in his power, retaliate with severe vengeance the injuries of the insidious villains who had driven him from his country. He was absorbed in solemn and pleasing meditation, from which he was aroused by the sounds of rude revelry, that seemed to proceed from below decks; he was at first a

good deal startled, but after a little consideration, conceiving that it came from the master and crew of the vessel, he recovered himself, but still listened attentively for some articulate sound, which might enable him to determine whether his conjecture was well founded; the source of merriment, however, appeared to be of an evanescent nature, for after a few minutes had elapsed, all was again still. While he continued to listen in expectation of its being renewed, a low, sweet note from a lute, and presently another and another, broke upon the silence; and ere he could ask himself whence they had come, a symphony of inexpressible sweetness was flung across the waters; an air succeeded, accompanied by a female voice, possessed of power to "take the prisoned soul and lap it in Elysium."

Edward, after his first emotion of surprise had subsided, perceived, as his charmed ear drank the soft and liquid sounds, that they proceeded from the stern of the vessel;

sel; there was not a soul save himself upon deck; the wind had come round, was blowing fair, and the steersman having lashed the helm, had gone below. He stole silently to the railing that bounded the quarter-deck, and hanging over it, tried if he could discern the form which fashioned harmony so exquisite; his efforts were vain, but he could clearly distinguish the words of the fair musician; she was singing a Provençal romance, in the French language. The poet, in the prospect of unlooked-for peril, compared himself to a stag, that having threaded the mazes of the tangled forest, bounded through scattered rocks, swept across the open plains that favoured pursuit, and at length plunged into the broad and rapid stream, was exulting in his strength and swiftness, as couching for short rest, he perceived an archer preparing for his destruction in the brake which he had fondly imagined would screen him from pursuit.

The exile sighed, and thought it was possible

sible that his situation might resemble that of the unfortunate son of song. The music ceased, but the notes still dwelt upon his ear ; and he was still hanging over the railing, when the head of a female was protruded from the window beneath, and a soft voice called to him in a low and earnest tone, and in the French language. Delighted that he had an opportunity of entering into conversation with a syren, who had enraptured him with rich melody, and whom his active fancy immediately depicted as a creature endowed with every perfection that might fascinate the eye, or captivate the heart, he eagerly asked, in the same language in which he had been addressed, if there were any means by which he could be so fortunate as to serve one to whom he owed a gratification so sweet and unexpected?

“ Speak low,” said the lady, “ and a truce to compliments ; this is no time for them ; if Monsieur be the lord Rivers, as I apprehend he is, I am about to acquire a
more

more solid claim to his gratitude than a song can confer, or than I could wish to have."

"I am that unfortunate person indeed," replied Edward, confident that he could have nothing to fear from one who sung so sweetly, and spoke so softly, but greatly alarmed to think that he might be sailing in company with others who might have the same knowledge that she had obtained, by what method he was at a loss to conjecture, and who might use it to his destruction.

"In the cabin that adjoins that which we occupy," said his unknown friend, "there are four men, who came on board just as the vessel was leaving the harbour; we are separated from them only by a thin partition, through which every word that is spoken in a loud tone of voice is distinctly heard; we have learned from their conversation, that their business is to apprehend you, milord, of whose misfortunes, and generally-believed innocence, we have heard;

if you should now, or hereafter, be found in Calais. Fortunately for you, though I cannot speak English, I understand as much as enabled me to make this discovery ; my companion and I were on deck, when you came into the vessel ; there was something in your manner that indicated a desire to be concealed ; and as soon as your name was mentioned, we suspected the truth ; after a little consideration, I bethought myself of the expedient to attract your attention, which has fortunately succeeded. Your pursuers are as yet altogether ignorant that you are so near them, but great caution will be necessary to keep them so : the vigilance of the English government is so great at Calais, that you will be in imminent danger, if you should go into any house of public resort ; but we have devised a plan for your security. After the vessel makes the land, you must conceal yourself on board for some time, which you may easily do, by affecting illness or fatigue ; after the lapse of about a quarter
of

of an hour, a relation of ours who resides in Calais will come to you, under the pretence of being a friend who was awaiting your arrival; in his house, you may for some time remain in safety, and whenever you wish to proceed whithersoever you are going, he will procure you a passport under a feigned name."

The exile was about to pour forth a profusion of thanks, and invoke a thousand blessings on the sweet friend, whom Heaven had sent him at his utmost need, when she interrupted him, observing, that every moment their conversation continued, increased the risk of discovery. She then drew in her head, and having waved her hand in sign of courtesy, closed the window. The hand and arm were all disclosed in this action; they were beautifully white, and round, and taper, if the moonbeam, whose light was aided by the brilliant reflection of a diamond clasp, that fastened a bracelet round the wrist, did not impart to them a false colour and contour.

In the course of the conversation, calculated as it was to quell in the bosom of the fugitive all considerations but that of self-protection, he had made every endeavour, impelled by a feeling that was something more than mere curiosity, to become acquainted with the features of his new friend, but in vain ; her head was wrapped in a dark veil, that entirely concealed one side of her face, and a cluster of dark ringlets partially concealed the other ; a nose of Grecian mould, a small and beautiful mouth, and an exquisitely-rounded chin, were indeed discernible ; but these afforded no distinct character, by which he might be able to identify their possessor. He hoped, however, to find her beneath the hospitable roof which was to shelter him from unjust persecution, and remained for some time stationary, in the expectation that she might have forgotten some useful injunction with respect to his safety, with the delivery of which her soft voice would again salute his ear ; but finding that

that the window remained closed, he returned to the head of the vessel, and laying himself down, and making a coil of cable serve him for a pillow, he soon yielded to the pressure of the fatigue and perturbation of spirits he had undergone, and spite of the perils that encompassed him, fell into a profound sleep.

When he awoke, the sun had already ascended to a considerable height above the horizon, the vessel was close in beneath the French shore, but could not make the harbour for want of wind, it having fallen a dead calm in the course of the night. The sails flapped heavily as the vessel rolled on the bosom of the deep, that heaved in broad, low, unbroken billows beneath her; the sea-mew screamed overhead, the porpoise rolled his unwieldy bulk upon the tide, and the sounds of awakening labour, the clink of the forge, the grating of the saw, and the whistle of the herdsman, were distinguishable on the neighbouring land. A light breeze soon

sprung up, and the vessel glided into the harbour.

Edward now drew a part of the foresail over him, as it was lowered, and gently raising it from his head, and looking from beneath it, watched the departure of the several passengers, whether friend or foe. The ladies soon withdrew, closely wrapt in the long cloaks which they had worn when seated on deck the preceding night, and which they now drew close around them, apparently to protect themselves from the shrewd nipping of the morning air. They appeared of much the same height and shape ; but Edward judged, from the superior agility that one of them displayed in springing on shore, and tripping over the cables, and other impediments, by which the quay was incumbered, that she was younger than her companion. Having lost sight of them among the buildings, he still continued watching for the emissaries who were in quest of him, but supposed by their delay that they would

would not turn out, as the sailors phrase it, till the morning was farther advanced. A seaman now discovered him, and coming up, asked him why he did not go on shore?

He replied that he would wait for some time, as a friend at whose house he was to lodge was in all probability not yet up, and tendered the price of his passage. The man accepted the excuse, and the money, and continuing for some time busy in clewing up the sails, at length came to inform him that a person whom he supposed to be his friend was asking for a passenger of his description.

Edward rose and approached the stranger, who made himself known for the sieur de Villeneuve, his destined host. He followed him home, but was greatly disappointed on learning by the way that the ladies who had procured him such useful services, and to whom he had hoped to have tendered every mark of his gratitude, had already set off for Paris, from whence

they intended to proceed to the Pays de Valais, where they resided.

Having taken some refreshment, he retired to rest, and some hours had elapsed, ere he was awakened by the sound of martial instruments beneath his window, on looking out of which, he discovered that the habitation of the sieur de Villeneuve stood in the square in which the troops paraded. He stood for a few minutes in a mixed mood of pleasure and sadness, arising from the contrast of his present situation, with the time when the well-known sounds to which he now listened were used to fill his bosom with martial fire, and stir his spirit to deeds of high emprise ; but recollecting that his person, in all probability, was known to more than one officer of the garrison, and thinking that he perceived an eye directed to where he stood, he hastily drew back, and having dressed himself, sought his kind host, in order that he might acquaint him with this circumstance, and
urge

urge him to procure him the promised passport as speedily as possible.

The sieur de Villeneuve inquired whether he meant to proceed?

The exile informed him of the favour he had enjoyed at the court of D——, in his diplomatic capacity, and signified his intention of making that his residence for the present, in the double hope of advancing his fortunes abroad, and negotiating for a restoration to favour at home.

“It is fortunate that such is your destination, on one account,” said the other, “for I have a brother now resident there, who may be of singular service to you; he is chaplain to the French ambassador, and a member of a religious community, which, you know, makes him at home any where in Europe. He is moreover possessed of rare medical skill, acquired in the course of several pilgrimages, which, to say the truth, were, I believe, undertaken more to improve his art as a physician, than to gratify a devotional

a devotional spirit, which he has been heard to say can find ample exercise without foreign travel. He saved the life of the person in whose family he is now an highly-favoured inmate, after he had been given over by all the regular physicians in Paris. This and some other remarkable cures which he effected procured him considerable reputation, which has followed him to the court of D——; and I much doubt if you could find a person there more able, as you will certainly find none more willing to promote your interests than the pere Etienne."

"The pere Etienne!" said Edward, rubbing his brow, as if endeavouring to recollect some circumstance which had been for some time unthought of; "was he ever the inhabitant of a monastery in Tournay?"

"He was," replied de Villeneuve.

"Have you seen him since the siege of that place?"

"Yes."

"Did

“ Did he inform you of any extraordinary circumstance that occurred to him during its progress ? ”

“ Yes ; he had nearly lost his life ; he had been on a botanical excursion for a month in the southern provinces, and on his return found the place invested by the English army. Having several patients in the town ill of chronic distempers, on whose account principally he had undertaken his tour, he was impatient to see them, and made an attempt to pass the lines, but was taken up, and a work on plants, in the Greek language, which he had transcribed from a manuscript in the library of the convent, being found on him, it was supposed to be a collection of letters in cyphers, which he was conveying to the commandant of the garrison ; and he was on the point of being executed for a spy, when a young English officer of high rank, who had more humanity and more learning than his companions in arms, interposed,

terposed, made them acquainted with their mistake, and saved him."

" I was that officer," said Edward.

" Indeed ! oh then, what joy will it confer on the pere Etienne to be able to serve one to whom I have so often heard him express the warmest feelings of gratitude !"

" He has had that opportunity already ; shortly after the capture of the place, I was seized with a violent fever, which baffled the skill of every physician in the town, as well as that of all the surgeons who attended our troops. The pere Etienne, hearing of my dangerous situation, came immediately to see me ; and having inquired as to my complaint, and the manner in which it had been treated, smiled in a very significant manner, and bid me be of good cheer, he would soon restore me ; he was as good as his word ; he sent me that day some medicine, which I took according to his directions ; I was up the next day, and on horseback that which followed. The cure was like magic."

" It

“ It was nevertheless nothing to what he has since performed,” said de Villeneuve ; “ but we must cease our babbling ; time is precious ;” saying this he withdrew.

He returned shortly with a passport ; and as soon as the night fell, the exile issued from Calais, somewhat consoled by the slight amelioration of his prospects which the foregoing conversation had effected.

He arrived without any accident at D—, and immediately waited on the monk, who received him with much kindness and cordiality, and promised to exert himself to the utmost to further his views.

Determined not to be idle himself, he visited several of those persons with whom he had become acquainted while executing the duties of his mission ; but the news of his disgrace had arrived before him, and procured him a reception by no means flattering. The splendid fetes which he had given at the expence of his court, and which had usually terminated with a multitude of bows, squeezes of the hand, and spontaneous

taneous offers of friendship—the multitude of court favours which his powerful interest had scattered around—the rich and numerous presents he had made, all seemed utterly forgotten; even the women whose favours he had enjoyed had formed new attachments, and were pleased to visit his fallen fortunes with contempt, in revenge of his inconstancy.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

La verginella è simile alla rosa,
Che 'n bel giardin, su la nativa spina,
Mentre sola è sicura si riposa,
Né gregge nè pastor se le avvicina ;
S'aura soave, e l'alba rugiadosa,
S'acqua, la terra al suo favor s'inchina :
Giovani vaghi, e donne innamorate,
Amano averne e seni è tempie ornate.

Ma non si tosto dal materno stelo
Rimossa viene e dal suo ceppo verde,
Che quanto avea dagli nomini e dal cielo,
Favor, grazia e bellezza, tutto perde. **ARIOSTO.**

It was at the close of a day in which the exile had sustained every variety of unpleasant expression that unwillingly-remembered benefits, or willingly-remembered neglect, can throw into the human countenance, that as he retired to an obscure

scure lodging, in a remote part of the town, from which he hoped soon to have emerged, to resume the magnificent apartments he had formerly occupied, he revolved in his mind the extraordinary change which had taken place in the feelings of those with whom so short a time before he had been like a worshipped idol.

“ There is nothing like gratitude,” said he, half-aloud, “ in man, (he forgot pere Etienne), or constancy in woman:” what right had *he* to expect it? he would have given the world to be confuted by a solitary instance. Blind as we are, we know not what we wish; he was to have what he would, and his heart was to be swollen with a huger woe than he had yet experienced, and yet he thought he had drained the cup of bitterness.

As he passed slowly along, his eye was attracted by some article of which he was in want, and which was exposed for sale in the window of a small, mean-looking shop; he went in to purchase it. A thin, pale
young

young woman was behind the counter, from whence she came, and having taken the article from the window, and blown the dust from it, was about to put it into his hands, when looking full in his face, she first stared in wild surprise; a vivid, but transient flush of joy succeeded, a tremor then seized her whole frame, she uttered a faint shriek, and sunk lifeless in his arms. Astonished, perplexed, terrified, he knew not which way to turn; he called loudly for assistance, but there did not seem to be any one in the house but herself, and the street being lonely, no one passed; at length perceiving a vase in the window filled with flowers, he threw these out, and pouring some of the water by which they had been preserved into the hollow of his hand, bathed her forehead and temples.

She slowly revived, and opening her eyes, looked wildly around her, till she again caught the eye of Edward, when she trembled violently, and made a feeble effort to disengage herself from his arms, in which
he

he was still supporting her. He now looked steadfastly at her countenance, and his agitation soon nearly equalled her own, for he recognised in her a young girl who had yielded her virtue to his blandishments, and with whom he had spent many delightful hours, in the heyday of his diplomatic splendor.

She was the daughter of a merchant named Meister, who, in the simplicity of his heart, had admitted the visits of the young ambassador, he having obtained for him a contract from the government, without ever thinking that he would seek to make the virtue of his only child, his Luise, the price of the favour. But Luise was simple, confiding, and susceptible, and became an easy prey.

The ambassador thought her society and her caresses the sweetest solace he had ever enjoyed from the fatigues of business; he thought them a solace even from the pleasures of gallantry; gallantry, indeed, was with him at this time, as the reader has
already

already seen, often rather business than pleasure; and business is always, whatever may constitute it, somewhat fatiguing.

But his intrigue with Luise was a matter of taste, had nothing to do with interest. He loved her, that is, according to the notion he then had of love; but after he had been some time acquainted with Adelaide, he did not think he had loved her—he had never thought of spending his whole life with her, and without such a design, there is not love. Luise loved him, and did think of spending her whole life with him; she thought of little else, and she never for a moment permitted herself to think that he contemplated any thing else, for when he said he loved her, she conceived that was implied.

Poor Luise was deceived—yet the last night he pressed her in his arms, and knew that he did not mean she should ever see him again, he felt nearly as awkward and uneasy a sensation as he had ever experienced, and it was some time before he could

could shake it off, although he called morality to his aid, and termed it an unmanly weakness. In the events which had succeeded his recal, he had almost forgotten her; but Luise had not forgotten him. She now easily got free from his grasp, and endeavoured to compose herself. Night was closing fast in; the watchman cried the hour, and, as he passed, stopped and closed the shop windows, then lit a candle that stood upon a shelf, and proceeded on his rounds, telling Luise that Conrad had promised to reward him for helping her in his absence.

It would be difficult to say which of the couple that the little tenement now inclosed felt most uneasy; for Edward no longer looked upon seduction as a light, gentlemanly, and innocent amusement; misfortune had humbled him, and given him respect for the rights of others. He was shocked to see the poor thing look ill, for she looked very ill.

"Luise," said he, earnestly.

Luise

Luise thought there was more tenderness in the tone in which this was uttered than became her to listen to. "I am married," said she, mournfully.

"I hope from the bottom of my soul," said Edward, catching eagerly at any symptom of her well-being, "to your satisfaction?"

She smiled at the word satisfaction—"To a very good man—but it would not much matter if it were otherwise; I am in a rapid consumption; the doctor has informed me that I have but a short time to live."

The tone in which this was uttered was meant to be indicative of resignation, but there was joy in it.

"Oh," said Edward, deeply grieved, but affecting a gay and careless air, "we must frustrate this quack's prognostications—you shall live long and happy, by Heaven you shall, and make him happy, whom, from what you say, I rejoice to find is de-

serving of you, if indeed any one can deserve Luise."

"Ah!" said Luise, half-sad, half-pleased, "that's the way in which you were used to talk to me; but I have had good proof that it meant nothing."

Edward was silent; no answer to the observation just then occurred to him; misfortune had given him feeling, and feeling often begets eloquence; in the present instance, it had an opposite effect, unless that silence be sometimes more expressive than words.

"You look fatigued," said Luise; "will you have any refreshment?"

"I am fatigued," replied he, "but more by the world's cruelty than by any bodily exertion; but a few minutes since, I thought it an intolerable evil to endure it; but I begin now to feel that it is light, compared to the consciousness of cruelty in one's self."

Luise looked at him; a tear stood in his eye.

Her

Her countenance was the only one he had beheld since his arrival at D——, of those he was familiar with, in which there was neither scorn, nor contempt, nor alienation; there was even pity in it; that pity smote his heart, and the tear fell, and others followed, and the eyes of poor Luise were not dry. "If I thought your husband, if he should come in, would not be displeased at finding me here," said he, "I would rest awhile."

"Oh! there's no one he would be more rejoiced to see."

"Why, does he know any thing of me?"

"Yes, he has good cause to know you; do you not remember a person of the name of Conrad Weiss?"

"Very well—he was a soldier who obtained a furlough to visit his dying mother, and having outstaid it, in his anxiety to pay the last duties to the poor woman, he was afraid to return to his duty, was taken up as a deserter, and sentenced to be shot; I procured his pardon, and, his health hav-

ing suffered by confinement and misery, his discharge also. Is this man your husband?"

"Yes; his memory on the subject of his deliverance is better than yours, for to what you have stated, he adds a thousand particulars, as to the kindness of the manner in which you cheered him, the warmth with which you interfered to save him, and the assistance he afterwards derived from your bounty; he never lies down to rest without invoking a blessing on his benefactor."

Then, thought Edward, there is, after all, such a thing as gratitude.

While this conversation was going forward, he had followed Luise into a little parlour behind the shop, in which she had laid a cloth, and produced some homely fare from a small cupboard.

"I can't eat," said he; but he thought that Luise looked as if she wished he would, and with some difficulty he swallowed two or three mouthfuls. He drank more freely,
and

and it somewhat relieved a feeling of suffocation that oppressed him. "I almost fear to ask a detail," said he, hesitatingly, "of the circumstances which have brought you into this situation; but I feel that to know them is a duty, however painful it may be to go through it: would the narration be too much for you?"

Luise did not make any answer to this question, but began as follows:—"I need not describe what I felt when I learned that you had left D——, and was assured by many that there was no chance of your ever returning. I confess I have been almost ever since inclined to think that you could have no adequate notion of it; but (looking at his countenance, which bore every mark of extreme dejection) I am now disposed to give up that opinion. You know I had till then successfully concealed my pregnancy, by wearing loose garments, and other artifices; I was now so absorbed by grief, that I became careless of shame, and my father soon discover-

ed my situation. You know what a mild man he was; he did not upbraid me, but he accused himself severely for having exposed me to temptation. His affairs were at this time, in consequence of his having speculated rather too boldly on the contract you had procured him, in a situation that required close attention, and great exertion; he was unable to afford either; his property was nearly all wrested from him, as it were, by a single snatch of fortune; he was thrown into gaol, where a damp room and sorrow, spite of my utmost care and assiduity, almost immediately terminated his existence."

Edward groaned inwardly.

"He blessed me with his dying breath: in the transport of grief which succeeded, I believe I should have been better pleased if he had cursed me; but that impious frame of mind did not continue long, and his blessing has often since been balm to my poor heart. Our creditors were exasperated, and rendered merciless by the extent

tent of the losses they were likely to sustain; they took immediate possession of our house, and the few effects that constituted the wreck of our property, and I was turned pennyless on the world."

Edward fell back in his chair, covered his face with his handkerchief, and his bosom heaved with convulsive sobs.

"You had better," said Luise, "suffer me to tell you what remains of my sad story another time; perhaps when more prepared, you may hear it with greater composure."

"The lamb has pity for the wolf," said he, with faint and indistinct utterance; then with wild and vehement passion, "Oh, no, no! divide not the bitter draught, let me quaff it all, all at once; and may the God of justice grant that it may suffocate me!"

Luise first looked terrified, then looked piteously in his face, and begged him to be composed, and begged him not to press for the remainder of her story at present.

In this, however, he would by no means acquiesce, and endeavouring to stifle his emotion, prayed her to continue.

“ I was now on the point of being delivered of my burthen, but was destitute of every comfort needful at such a time. Fortunately, however, by the interest of a female relation of my poor father's, I got admittance into an hospital”—(“ *Fortunately,*” muttered Edward to himself)—

“ where I received all necessary attention; but when recovered, I could stay no longer, and again went stared me in the face with fiercer aspect than before; for I had now two to provide for. However, I took a small lodging, and fortunately got some work in embroidery, at which, you know, I am skilful.”

Edward felt in his pocket for a purse of exquisite workmanship, which she had wrought and presented him with, as a token of love; there were two doves with bills conjoined, on the one side; but on the other, there were emblems of a melancholy

choly cast; a vine torn from a stately elm, and withering on the ground, and a heart dropping blood. The poor girl had wrought these devices in a fit of prophetic melancholy; and when she had presented the purse to her lover, and he asked her why they were there, she made no answer, but smiled sweetly, as if she was willing to believe that all would go well; but then sighed deeply, as if something whispered to her that she deceived herself.

He now drew forth the trinket, and without letting her see it, pressed it with fervor to his lips; and again, in a low tone of voice, not meant for her to hear, invoked the speedy vengeance of Heaven upon his own head.

Luise went on—"So long as I was able to procure this kind of work, which not many persons are skilled in, I subsisted very well. I was, indeed, to say the truth, very melancholy, and resisted all the entreaties of the woman with whom I lodged, to dissipate that melancholy, by going with her

to public amusements, of which she generally partook twice or thrice a-week. I did not wish to dissipate it; it seemed as if it were a part of the economy of my existence with which I could not dispense. Indeed, I know not how it was, I believe I strove to nourish it, though I doubted if I were not culpable in doing so; so I worked and rocked the cradle in which my poor babe lay sleeping with my foot; I sung for hours together the two sweet English airs you taught me; I often forgot where I was, and when I awoke from my abstraction, found my work almost spoiled by my tears, which had fallen copiously on it. Pray do not bite your lips, and look so wild; the time of which I have been speaking was not a time of unmixed and severe misery, otherwise I should not like to dwell upon it, and methinks I do like to dwell upon it. Oh! I have experienced since what makes it appear like a season of joy." She proceeded—"The child was your living image; perhaps it is now wrong
to

to confess it, but that was a circumstance that gave me great satisfaction; but," added she, smiling faintly, "I am not of this world now, and may talk of all that is, as of that with which I have no longer any concern; indeed satisfaction is but a poor name for the feelings I experienced; I traced the very sparkle of your eye, the manly candour, (I at least once thought it candour) that seemed to sit upon your brow, and the ready flush of your cheek to every touch of joy or anger, in the delicate features of the poor, deserted infant; even the tiny curls of his silken hair had the very wreath of those amidst which my fingers had so often played, while looks of pleasure and affection gladdened my heart. Oh, it was sweet sadness to press the urchin to my heart, and weep, and then gaze on his beautiful, and, as I thought I could already perceive, intelligent countenance, and anticipate the time when you would be proud to own the noble creature."

"Does he live?" said Edward, now for the first time appearing to think of him, and with half-choked utterance.

"He reposes," replied Luise, "in yonder recess."

Edward started up, went over to the recess, and drawing a curtain that hung before it, discovered, sleeping quietly on a mattress supported by two chairs, a lovely, healthy babe, and *indeed* his very image.

"Pray do not wake him," said Luise; "he is sometimes a little hard to be pleased, and I have not now spirits to manage him."

Edward gazed mournfully on his child for some minutes, and put his finger into the little hand, which it closed on it with its soft pressure, and smiled in its sleep; that smile was like the fragrance of a rose reaching the sense of one into whom the thorn has entered. It was a sad moment to experience for the first time the feelings of a parent; the sorrowing father gently disengaged his hand, drew the curtain, and
returning

returning to his seat more composed than he had been, begged Luise to resume her tale.

She complied—"There was one thing which disturbed the delight, for it was a delight, though a sore one, of the occupation I have described, that was, the memory of my father's sufferings, for that would often intrude. It for some time produced a conflict in my bosom infinitely painful; but one night, as I slumbered sound, after having exhausted myself with weeping through the day, the image of the good old man appeared to me in a dream: a ray of the divinity was on his countenance, and imparted a thousand lofty graces to the benevolence by which it had been always characterized. He smiled on me with ineffable affection, and said that he was happy, and bade me not to embitter, by thoughts of his injuries, the poor solace that remained to me. He well knew that I could not forget; and from the blest abodes in which he dwelt, hate descended

not

not upon the sons of earth. Perhaps you will think me a visionary, but ever since I have associated without pain, the images of my father, and the father of my child.

Oh! thought Edward, that I had thy easy faith! but it is the natural product of thy gentle and innocent spirit, and my soul is dark with guilt.

“ So long as I got work at embroidery, for which, as I said, I was well paid, I enjoyed my health tolerably well, though some persons who had known me in still better days, assured me that I was breaking fast, that I was in a deep decline; I smiled, and called them Job's comforters: but I had ere long exhausted all my employer's work, and I was obliged to have recourse to sewing, which yielded but a comparatively mean subsistence: till now I had fed myself well, and the child had thriven; indeed I had often forced myself to eat for his sake, when my heart was full, and I nauseated food; but I was now obliged to live
on

on coarse diet, which the delicate manner in which I had been brought up rendered wholly unsuited to my stomach ; it soon disordered that necessary organ, and both I and the child were soon reduced to skeletons ; by degrees even the poor source of subsistence I have mentioned failed, for I had not health or strength to enable me to seek it very diligently ; we were now almost naked and starving, and the woman of the house in which I lived, fearing, I believe, that she would have the expence of burying us devolve upon her, became urgent that I should seek another lodging. I was aware that no person would be likely to admit a ragged, squalid, shivering wretch, and miserable as I was, I still thought it would be an aggravation of calamity to die in the street."

Edward started up, clenched his fist, and struck his forehead, but was arrested in the extravagant indulgence of his agonized feeling, by the entreaty of Luise that he would not wake the child, and a mild reproof

proof for his insisting on her detailing what it gave him such pain to hear.

He became apprehensive that she might at last refuse to proceed, or garble her tale, in order to spare his feelings; terrible as they were, he did not wish them to be spared, and promised to be calm, if she would resume her narrative.

She did so—"As a great favour, my solicitations obtained a suspension of the evil by which I was menaced, and I that evening went out into the streets, hoping to obtain as much, even from the sparing hand of charity, as might procure me a decent garb. I experienced many refusals, I suppose in consequence of my inaptitude for the miserable occupation in which I was engaged, and despair was in my heart; when, as I was passing through an obscure alley, I was obliged, through faintness, to stop and rest against the door of a forge, in which there were people at work, and from which a strong light issuing, I perceived a man on the opposite side of the way,

way, who appeared by the aid of it, for it was now dark, to examine my person and face very attentively : it was Conrad ; as soon as he felt confident that he was not mistaken, he accosted me. It must be in your recollection, that at those times when I used to leave my poor father's house, on pretence of visiting an old schoolmate—alas ! my heart was smitten with double severity, because the trusting, kind old man was so easily deceived ; but when I really went with you to pass the short intervals you could spare from business, at the little house you had hired in the secluded recesses of the forest of Rosemalde—at those times, when, as we passed rapidly through the narrow, rugged path, that winds amid the hills, shunning like the midnight robber the eyes of our fellows, and you pointed out the beauties of the glowing landscape, in terms that enhanced their attractions—when you would stop to cheer my sadness, and chide me for the tear (it was a prophetic tear) that would
fall,

fall, and talk of the delights of love enjoyed in solitary haunts, amidst Nature's favoured tenants, where the eye of custom-shackled man could not penetrate—when you bid me be of comfort, and I was too easily comforted—at those times—why do I dwell upon them—Conrad used to bring you small presents, as testimonies of his gratitude—you know his native village was at no great distance; he had consequently often seen me with you, and supposed me to be your wife; (a faint, hectic glow overspread the countenance of Luise, as she mentioned the word *wife*; but it soon gave place again to the livid paleness of death, that was now its most familiar hue;) he remembered my features well—‘But, oh! dear lady,’ said he, after he had renewed my recollection of him, with a countenance full of pity, ‘your garb is not more altered than is your form and face; it was not without much difficulty that I knew you again, for the healthy, rosy,’ he was pleased to add, ‘beautiful lady,

lady, that the cottage children used to run to the door to gaze at, when you rode through Rosemalde, with my ever-honoured patron, who appeared so proud of your stately figure, and so fond of you withal, now stopping to adjust your dress, if the wind had disordered it, and now turning pale with terror if your horse happened to stumble over a stone, or root of a tree concealed by the grass. I remember one day in particular, that you both stopped at my poor cottage, to take shelter from the heat of the mid-day sun, by whose scorching beams you felt yourself overcome, and sure enough you looked ill, but then not ill as you do now, and I set before you such fare as I had, milk, and new cheese, and coarse bread; and my deliverer urged you to drink, and you tried, in compliance with his wishes, and a sudden qualm seized you as soon as you took the vessel from your lips, and you complained of great faintness; oh, what anxiety and love was then displayed! how eagerly he dispatched

dispatched one of my sisters here, and another there, for different things that he thought would relieve you, and fanned you with his hat, and pressed your hand, and looked at you so tenderly ! and when your colour came again, and you assured him you were better, then what joy ! Oh, could he see you now, what would be his feelings ! how eagerly would he inquire for those who had reduced you to such a condition, that he might revenge your wrongs ! how anxiously would he——’ I heard no more, a sudden faintness overcame me, and I fell ; when I recovered, I found myself in a small, mean apartment. Conrad was supporting me, and a number of people standing around, assisting him to recover me ; these, as soon as I had regained my senses, he motioned to withdraw, and having obtained some cold meat, bread, and wine, he pressed me to refresh myself. I did not want much pressing, for having given to the child all the food I had been able to procure for the preceding two days,

for

For famine had dried up the springs of the little wretch's natural nourishment, and I had been obliged to wean him, I swallowed the grateful viands now placed before me, with an avidity that made the tears stand in the eyes of the worthy Conrad. When I had satisfied my appetite, and my benefactor had paid for what I had had, he insisted on my taking all that remained in his purse, and having inquired where I lived, promised to call on me the ensuing day. The first thing I did, after I quitted him, was to purchase some clothing, and some nutritious food for my poor little Edward, with which I returned home, blessing that Providence who had at length sent me a friend, for Conrad having inquired as to the immediate source of my distresses, had signified his ability to get me as much plain work as I wanted. I found the infant crying weakly in his cradle, and apparently at the last gasp; I took him up, and made him swallow a little wine, and cooked him some nourishing

nourishing broth. But perhaps I fatigue you with these trifling particulars."

"No, no," said Edward, "pray go on."

"Oh, what joy it was to see the poor little fellow almost immediately revive, no longer hang his head over my shoulder, and let his limbs drop as if torpid and lifeless, but smile and coo like a ring-dove, and testify by all the tiny expression of delight in his power the relief he had experienced ! I laughed, and wept, and sung over him, till it was time to go to bed ; then pressed him to my bosom, and sunk into a profound slumber, which lasted till morning, for my mind was somewhat relieved from misery, and that misery, and hunger, and watching over my starving babe, had left my body in much need of rest. Conrad came, according to his promise ; I related all that had happened to me ; I had his sympathy in an ample degree, but neither did he then offer, nor has he since, a single remark on the subject.

He

He procured me work for some time, as he had promised, and provided me moreover, out of his own means, with such little delicacies as were necessary for the preservation of the child's health; as to myself, whether it was that having no longer the drain of suckling upon me, I could eat more sparingly, or that total abstinence had schooled my digestive faculties, I managed very well now with such food as I could obtain. Conrad informed me that he had come to reside in town, where he had got an employment, and that he was looking out for a wife, with whose aid he would carry on a little business on his own account; and he was sanguine, he said, in his hopes of getting on in the world, and success, he added, would now be doubly prized for my sake. I don't know whether I can venture to say that I now enjoyed comfort; but if I did not, the contrast of the misery I had undergone made my situation something like it. I was, however, very uneasy at being obliged to be still
burthensome

burthensome to the worthy Conrad ; but I could not risk my darling's health, and kept an exact account of the little sums he advanced, with the hope that I should again get fine work, which would enable me soon to discharge the debt I was contracting. But fortune had not ceased to persecute me ; my health continued to decline, and I soon found that Conrad, in the ardour of his wishes to serve me, had reckoned on a temporary as a permanent source of employment. I was obliged now to depend on him altogether for support ; and after a little time, I learned, to my utter consternation, that this support was generally believed in the neighbourhood, and by my father's friends, who were glad to find in my worthlessness an excuse for abandoning me, to be the price of my prostitution. One morning, while I was labouring under the uneasiness occasioned by this discovery, Conrad came to see me. The honest and respectful frankness with which he had been used to address me, had given place

to

to an awkward and timid reserve: after the first greeting, he stood for a considerable time by the window, for he never would sit in my presence, looking down and twirling a stick he held in his hand. I perceived that he trembled violently, and became alarmed for his health; I asked him if he were unwell? he replied that he was quite hearty, but had a proposal to make that he feared would offend me, and that was the cause of his agitation. He then, in great confusion, proceeded to inform me of the report with which I was already acquainted, and proposed that I should put a stop to such scandal, by making it his duty to protect and support me in the character of a husband. This proposal was a dreadful shock to me, but I endeavoured to suppress my feelings, while he went on to detail the utility of such a measure." Here Luise became so agitated, that she was obliged to break off her narrative; a flood of tears at length came to her relief, and having taken a glass of water, she con-

tinued. Conrad urged as his incentives to the proposal he had made, that when we lived together, his means would go farther for our mutual support; and moreover, he could set me up in a shop, the laborious part of the business of which he would have time enough to conduct himself, while I would have nothing to do but what, while it enlarged our means, would prove an amusement to me. He did not seem to expect an answer, but professing solemnly that he had only my own welfare in view, and that though he should feel grieved, he trusted I knew him too well to suppose that he would take the least offence at my refusal, he begged I would consider of what he had said, and left the house. When he was gone, I threw myself on the bed, and indulged in a passion of tears. I perceived that I had a terrible conflict to go through with my own mind, and I dared not for the remainder of that day think of the subject. The next, I began seriously to consider of Conrad's proposal; I was deriving

riving my whole support from him; and
 there appeared no chance of my being
 able to derive it from any other quarter;
 but that which he now gave me would ena-
 ble him to support a wife; and he had be-
 fore told me that it was his wish to marry;
 would it not be the grossest injustice if I
 were to stand between him and the accom-
 plishment of such a wish? and supposing
 that he were able to support me, and a wife
 also; was it likely that any woman he might
 marry would bear to see the bread taken
 from the mouths of her children to feed
 strangers? There was no alternative, I clear-
 ly perceived; but to accept the man's offer,
 or to feel again the pangs of hunger; and
 see my child sink into the grave! If my
 own sufferings only had been in question,
 I would not have hesitated, and yet I had
 not forgot what hunger was; oh! those
 who never felt more than its gentle im-
 pulse to pleasant food, can form no idea
 of its ruder pressure!"

Edward snatched her hand and sobbed;

his spirit was conforming and becoming habituated to the tale of woe; his grief had assumed a milder form, and the gentle Luise no longer refused to share it—she sobbed with him.

“ But my child,” she continued; “ if I threw my own life away, when I could preserve it, could I, without the deepest guilt—but let me pass over this part of my story; I became the wife of Conrad. We were no sooner married, than he informed me that he could now prove to me that he had been actuated by no selfish motive; that he had merely wished to augment the comforts of one whom he so highly valued on her own account, and that of another, and that if I pleased, I should be his wife but in name—he would forego the rights of a husband. I stood amazed at such an instance of generosity; perhaps I ought not to have accepted such a sacrifice, but I know not how it was, in the flood of joy that suddenly rushed into my heart, I never once thought of refusing it; but I knew
not

not how to express my gratitude; I threw myself at Conrad's feet, which I kissed and bathed with my tears, and invoked a thousand blessings on his head. I thought I could never say too much; it never occurred to me, in the delirium that took place of the heavy weight that had oppressed my heart, that my joy was calculated to mortify him, if he loved me. He gently raised, and endeavoured to bring me to a more composed state of mind, and having at length in some degree succeeded, withdrew with as respectful a bow as he had ever made me in the days of my prosperity—alas! perhaps I should say the days of my guilt, that for which I humbly hope I have atoned by suffering; for I have suffered. I have lived with Conrad ever since, but our commune has been no more than that of brother and sister. At first I was rather uneasy, whenever I reflected on the ill return the worthy man was receiving for his disinterestedness; but this feeling was somewhat reduced by the

advantage he derived from my knowledge of accounts, and my attention to his business, in which he is likely to succeed extremely well, and is now speculating on taking a larger concern. My vexation has now quite subsided. Conrad, after our marriage, finding that my health still waned, brought a physician of the first eminence to see me. I had begun to think I should not recover, and begged him not to deceive me. I believe he perceived that the intelligence would not very much grieve me, and he candidly confessed that I had not many months to live. It did not grieve me; I had found a protector for my child, and I longed to be with my father; thank Heaven I feel no pain, and I hope to sink calmly and easily to rest. Nothing, however, can persuade poor Conrad to despair of me; when I tell him that I shall soon make way for a real wife for him, he implores me not to talk so, and swears, as you did just now, that I shall not die: he consults every old woman who pretends to medical skill in the

the neighbourhood, and I am obliged to take a thousand nasty messes, because I would not seem to undervalue his cure: he is now gone sixty miles off to procure a piece of the gridiron upon which one of the saints, I forget which, suffered martyrdom, and which he is assured is an infallible remedy in my complaint."

Edward was not much addicted to superstition, but he now believed in the gridiron. "Oh, may Heaven grant," said he, fervently, "that the worthy creature's cares may be successful, and his oath confirmed?"

After a short pause, his faith in the gridiron began to waver. "Have you had but one physician," said he; "I know a person of great skill, a monk."

"Oh, if it be the père Etienne, you mean," said Luise, "he is known to every sick person here—he has been with me often."

"And what's his opinion?"

"The same as that of the physician."

Edward's countenance, which had be-

come animated with hope, fell, and he sighed deeply.

"The pere Etienne is a very worthy man ; his visits are a cordial to me ; he cannot cure me, but he fills me with hopes of heaven, and that's better. He lately brought two French ladies to see me, who had heard my story, and wished to speak words of comfort to me. Oh, it's hard to have done with this world ; one still wishes to be cared for, and appear of consequence in the eyes of some one. They spoke so kindly to me, one of them in particular, that my poor heart clung to them ; they kissed my boy, and admired, and praised, and blessed him, till I wept for joy, and they wept with me ; and oh, that was so sweet ! But hark, the rogue is awake :'' the child cried ; she ran to the bed, snatched him from it, laid him on her bosom, and soon pacified him. She then placed him in his father's arms, he pressed him to his bosom with a look of the fondest affection, and the babe laughed and chuckled as if he had some sense of his

his love. Luise gazed at the acknowledged offspring, and a smile of delight and exultation sat mingled with death upon that pallid countenance; but it was a smile that cut the soul of Edward worse than a thousand hard and bitter words.

He looked wistfully at Luise, and said, "Thy forgiving spirit, poor injured one, while it would sooth, destroys; I pray thee curse me, that I may have some little peace, that my reason may not fail me."

"Curse thee!" cried she, while a gleam of love's purest fire shot from her sunken eye, "curse thee, while my babe is cradled in thine arms, and after thy look has rested upon him, filled with the sweet and holy glow of parental fondness! Oh, for a thousand worlds I would not curse thee!" Then kneeling and raising her hands and eyes to heaven—"God, in whom the penitent find peace, bless him, bless him for that, though late, he pities poor Luise!—give ease to his afflicted heart! let prosperity, and health, and happiness be his!"

L. E.

and.

and when the cold grave, as soon it must, receives this worn-out frame; let him be the prop and stay of the poor babe, that even now (oh, grant it may not be some grateful vision of my waning sense!) lies pressed to his bosom—that babe whose features testify that he was born to him in the truth and sincerity of love! and if, while he enjoys the society of some happier maiden, (her voice faltered, her enthusiasm sunk,) he should still, as now, think that he wronged the heart in which he was treasured; let all his penance be, to sometimes think of Euse, (for though perhaps I ought, I cannot wish to be forgotten), and shed such tears as may sooth, not gall his spirit!”

Edward could no more; he pressed the infant in his arms, and kissed it in a wild and delirious transport; then having gently placed it in its mother's lap, rushed out of the house.

CHAP. VIII.

Mais elle étoit du monde, ou les plus belles choses,

Ont le pire destin ;

Et rose elle a vécu ce que vivent les roses,

L'espace d'un matin.

MALHERBE.

How oft I gaz'd prophetically sad !

How oft I saw her dead while yet in smiles !

In smiles she sunk her grief, to lessen mine ;

She spoke me comfort and increas'd my pain.

YOUNG.

As soon as he reached his lodging, he hurried to bed, anxious, if possible, to obtain a short respite from the stings of conscience ; but no slumber would come to his anxious soliciting ; the form of the pale, dying, uncomplaining Luise—her wrongs, her sufferings, were still in his fancy, and seemed to have shut out sleep for ever.

" Good Heavens ! " thought he, " was there

ever love like the love of this creature? a sweet and blushing rose, I plucked her rudely from the parent stem on which she bloomed, and cast her away to be trampled on, and yet she blesses me; and 'tis plain to see she loved me, even when my cruelty deprived her of a parent—loved me in friendless solitude, and obscurity, and penury—loved me while hunger was consuming her with fiercest pangs—and still loves and worships me, as, smitten by my hand, she descends to an early grave. Commanded by the stern voice of duty to hate me, she has stilled its clamour with fond and diligent illusion; and oh! monstrous union! cherishes the image of her hapless, murdered parent, in the selfsame heart from which that of his fell assassin can never be erased."

In meditations such as these did the unfortunate and guilty exile pass the greater part of the night, constantly recurring, from whatever other subject to which his thoughts might wander, to the ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~extin-~~ ^{extinguishable}

guishable love borne him by the ill-fated girl, for which he had made so ill a return. It seemed to be a principle inwoven by nature in the constitution of her mind, not accidentally imbibed, subject to no external circumstance, from which nothing could separate her, which must live with her and die with her.

He recollected, with the cold shudder of remorse, while still, spite of his best endeavours, a ray of gratified, and, as he sincerely thought, nefarious pride, would intrude, with what pleasure she had dwelt on that love; ~~how frequently, I have seen her~~ unconsciously recurred to it; and how at length her poor emaciated frame had moved with renewed elasticity, and her haggard countenance beamed with revived animation, when she saw her infant fixed on its father's heart; and thence, while the tide of affection gushed fuller and warmer in her bosom, derived fresh food for the delusion by which she had contrived to cheat her reason.

Towards

and his efforts to detain him. He burst into the room where the pere was seated at breakfast, and the first thing that caught his eye was the skirt of a female garment whisking through a door on the opposite side, which he knew opened on a corridor that ran by several other apartments. Had he come at another time, he might have rallied the father on his clandestine reception of ladies at so early an hour, but he felt no disposition to raillery at present; and he thought it would be indelicate to procure the gratification of his curiosity by a serious catechism, as there appeared to be some wish for concealment. He proceeded, therefore, to the immediate subject of his visit, and notwithstanding the little ground he had for hope, received a fresh and dreadful shock, from the positive assurance of the good monk, given with whatsoever caution and desire to spare his feelings it might be, that no power on earth could save the life of Luise. Her complaint had been produced by her
giving

giving suck while she had sometimes but indifferent food, and sometimes no food to supply the waste of her body; so severe was the exhaustion, that she was rendered very soon utterly incurable, and indeed would not have lived twelve hours from the time Conrad had met her, but for his interposition. Edward thought no more of his fellow-travellers; the father pressed him to eat; he tried, but could not, and shortly after terminated his visit.

He mechanically took the way that led to the humble dwelling of Luise: so active is the human mind in hunting after that variety it loves, that no single interest, however powerful, can utterly absorb it; he would most willingly have confined his thoughts to his dying mistress, but as he paced slowly and pensively along, the women he had seen at the door of the father intruded, and then he recollected a circumstance that in the disordered state of his mind had utterly escaped him—namely; that pere Etienne being the brother of the
sieur

sieur de Villeneuve, to whom his fellow-travellers were related, they must be also his relatives, and this would account for their being his visitants; but they were to proceed, by de Villeneuve's account, to Paris, and thence to the Pays de Valais; what then? he did not say that they would not take a circuitous route between those places; perhaps, indeed, they would do so without having had time to mention it to him, during their very short stay in Calais.

At a subsequent opportunity, he learned from the father that they were the identical persons he supposed, and that they had come to take an early breakfast with him, and arrange some matters of business, on the day of their departure from D——, where they had been for some days resident. They regretted much having so narrowly missed seeing one to whom they had been so fortunate as to render an essential service; but they had been driven out of the room by the clamour on the stairs, and did not return till the conference was ended.

ended, thinking it might be with respect to some private business. The father had not rectified the error, not being aware of any circumstances which might make either party wish for a meeting.

When he arrived at the dwelling of Luise, he found her and Conrad, who had returned in the course of the preceding night, just sitting down to breakfast. He was received by both with every demonstration of satisfaction; Conrad was all respect and gratitude, while on the countenance of Luise there was a joy that ill assorted with its wasted lineaments, as she again deposited her child in his arms. She was never weary of seeing him there—she playfully resisted Conrad's offer to relieve him from his burthen. Oh, what a mournful thing was her playfulness! and while she added, with officious diligence, to the homely meal she had prepared; every little delicacy that her stores afforded, to tempt the palate of the much beloved, she said that she had little hoped that her closing hour

hour would be cheered by such a sight, and implored him not to embitter, by unavailing sorrow, the unlooked-for happiness that Heaven had sent her. She seemed no longer in love with sorrow: those who have not her innocence, and those who have never made any advance to a familiarity with death, may find it difficult to believe the fact; but she was gay, and her gaiety was unfeigned, and her efforts were unfeigned to infuse it into the hearts of others.

Edward could not refuse to lend himself to those efforts, but those he had recourse to for the purpose were so painful, that as soon as breakfast was over, he feigned a necessity to look after some business, and giving up the child, which had lain till now quietly on his knees, playing with the buckle of his girdle, to his mother, who received him with a look of disappointment, he beckoned Conrad to follow, and went out.

Drowning men, according to the proverb,

verb, catch at straws ; his faith in the grid-iron had revived since his visit to the father ; and he now anxiously questioned Conrad as to the cures it had effected. Conrad, who had never doubted of its efficacy, launched out into a copious dissertation on its effects, but concluded it with information delivered with a sorrowful countenance, that it was not to be had ; a wealthy burgomaster in Silesia, whom it had already recovered from sixteen indigestions, and who now lay at the point of death of the seventeenth, together with the weight of eighty-five years, having sent for it.

“ May Heaven confound the old doctard ! ” exclaimed Edward ; “ is this a life of such pleasure, that he should wish to extend it beyond eighty-five ? ”

“ Amen ! ” cried Conrad ; “ Heaven confound him ! but for him the dear, dear lady might be even now beginning to recover her strength and beauty ; though, for the matter of that, she has beauty still, but it’s a
kind

kind of beauty that makes me melancholy when I admire it. She's the living ~~image~~ of a dead lady made of marble; that's rising out of a tomb in the great church; and that all the great folk go to look at, and stand; some of them, for hours together admiring; they say it was brought all the way from Rome, and was made to represent —"

Conrad now perceived that his companion took no interest in the history of the dead lady made of marble; and after a short pause, continued—"There's nothing in these parts all about equal to the grid-iron, that's for certain; but the wife of a converted Jew, that lives at the other end of the city, has informed me that her husband's conversion was effected by a cure performed on him by a quilted petticoat that formerly belonged to Mary Magdalen, and that is in possession of a community of Benedictine friars at some little distance."

An involuntary smile was rising on the countenance of Edward; but he checked it; the

the quilted petticoat was his last hope, if he ~~was~~ even to admit the improbability of such a garment having been ever in use in so warm a climate as that of Judæa, and the consequent improbability of its being a genuine relic; still it might have been manufactured from some garment worn by the penitent—an hypothesis not devoid of verisimilitude, considering the traffic in decayed vestments to which so many of her country-folk devoted themselves; or if it were altogether a factitious relic, still it might be impregnated with powerful drugs by the monks, (who were often very much skilled in medical science,) and made the vehicle of their application, in order that faith might give them greater efficacy; at all events, evidence was evidence, and if the Jew gave a clear and circumstantial account of his cure, the thing was worth trying.

Reasoning thus, he arrived at the house of the convert, who was as communicative as he could wish; he described the progress of

of his disease, and the various remedies he had tried in vain ; and solemnly sworn that he had only pressed the petticoat in his hands, when he was instantly restored to such robust health, that he had eaten that day for his dinner six pounds of pork, under the double influence of hunger, and a desire to manifest the sincerity of his conversion.

He added several other accounts of cures equally wonderful, of which he had been an eye-witness, thereby strengthening the languid hope that was in the bosom of one of his auditors, and effecting complete and delightful conviction in the mind of the other, who set off on his mission without delay. He returned on the next day, accompanied by the miraculous vestment, and a monk from the convent where it was preserved, who was the bearer of it in its various peregrinations, and without whom, as its guardian, it would not be sent out to any individual whatever, let their consequence or rank be what it might ; his
presence,

presence, moreover, was necessary, to prescribe the manner in which the relick should be used.

This person, shortly after his arrival, asked to see the patient; his desire was complied with, and having remained shut up with her for about half an hour, he departed, with ample remuneration for his good offices from the waning store of the exile.

Luise, on being questioned, told her friends that the conductor of the petticoat, previous to making her touch it, had muttered over her several prayers in an unknown tongue, and made her swallow a vial of some consecrated liquid, which he said was to promote its efficacy; and before he left her, told her that her recovery would now depend on the extent of her faith.

“ Well, undoubtedly,” said Conrad, “ you believe in the petticoat? can any one doubt that the Jew was sick, and that he’s now well—that he was a Jew, and that

he's now a Christian? The sacred garment seems too to have given him wealth as well as health, for he has got prodigiously well off in the world since his conversion and recovery. The old schoolmaster, indeed, says that there's the secret of the petticoat; but he always pretends to see more than any body else, and here, in my opinion, he doesn't see at all, but shuts his eyes, and gropes in the light of day. You surely can't refuse credit to what no one but that old dotard disbelieves?"

Luise nodded belief, but smiled incredulity; and Edward sighed, as if he thought there was too much in the suggestion of the old schoolmaster. However, he began to think that it greatly wronged the monks, and the Jew also; when, having remained to watch the progress of the remedy, and partaken of the homely meal that Luise now prepared, he perceived, as the evening advanced, that her eyes filled with all their former fire—that a beautiful colour, which had nothing of the faintness of a hectic flush,

flush, glowed on her cheek—that her whole frame seemed animated and invigorated with reviving spirit and reviving strength—and that a flow of rich, tender, and impassioned eloquence flowed from lips of vermil dye, as she described the beauty, the gentleness, the benevolence of the kind women who had recently visited her, or drew a glowing sketch of the happiness of a favourite schoolmate, of whom she had a little while before heard from, a common friend lately returned from Switzerland, where she was settled with a beloved partner.

There was a deep, silent vale to which the approach of the inquisitive traveller was prevented by gigantic barriers, torrents, precipices, and glaciers; there was a cottage exquisitely neat, small, but large enough to hold much love; there was a wood in which was the stream's pleasant murmur, and the ring-dove's amorous moan; there was a garden, and an orchard, and dove-cotes, and bee-hives; and there were

banks in the forest walks, where happy love might bask in the mild and fostering sun of spring, and dark, cool caverns, where it might shun the fervid glow of summer; but above all, there was so much of that happy, happy love, *Wilhelm* never left his *Agnes*, but when the cares of his farm made it necessary; no pleasure could tempt him from her side; he thought nothing a pleasure of which she did not partake, and his fondness anticipated her wishes, and he was so good a father. She knew the heart of *Agnes*; they had often talked together at school of love; she was sure to make a just return for *Wilhelm's* affection. *Agnes* was a good, good girl; had she been near her, she never would have let her want—she didn't envy her happiness.

There was a tear and a sigh as she said this, which she feared would render her auditors incredulous, and she flung her spirit into the regions of fancy with a more rapid flight; while *Edward* knew the product of the treacherous lessons with which he had
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led captive her young imagination, by the aid of which, while he had sought to fill her heart with wanton, voluptuous, and burning, but passing desires, he had poured into it a flood, for it was accessible only to that of love, pure, ardent, unchangeable, unquenchable love. He was elate in hope of her safety, but as he listened to her, he was humbled to think that he had sought to utterly corrupt a nature that would yield only to an impulse in which virtue loves to mingle with pleasure, and when debarred that union, still casts her fair, majestic form oft in reproach, oft in charitable delusion, before the mind of the reluctant sinner.

He enjoyed this night, for the first time since he had seen Luise, an unbroken slumber; but he was awakened at an early hour in the morning by Conrad, who, as he pulled open his curtains, informed him that the patient had had a change for the worse; he immediately started up, huddled on his clothes, and followed him; he found the object of his anxiety sitting up in her bed,

apparently in a burning fever, and quite delirious; she did not know him or Conrad, but talked to persons whom her wandering fancy seemed to have embodied.

“ Father,” she cried, “ forgive him, pray, pray forgive him! you never refused any thing to Luise, pray forgive him! He’ll return to Luise, and his beautiful boy—he’ll marry Luise—ah! no, no, he wouldn’t know her in these rags—well, we’ll all soon be in heaven, there he’ll know how I loved him—oh, he was my joy, my life, my soul, my God—ah, there he is—I knew he’d come back—he weeps—now, now then, father, forgive him, take his hand, pity him, comfort him! Weep not, my Edward—I am well, very well—never, never shall we part again! You are not an ambassador now—ah! had you never been an ambassador, Luise had never been deserted—had you been poor, you would have better known her! Well, now I have thee, and thou art poor, and I am poor—what then? a life of joyous and contented labour shall
be

be ours—the sun will shine as sweetly on our humble shed, as on the rich pavilion, or the gorgeous palace—these hands shall deck thy board, and heretofore hast thou often said, my care could sweeten the homeliest refection—these hands shall prepare thy couch, and it shall be soft as that which receives the softest son of luxury—and when wearied with wholesome toil, thou hast pressed it, that voice that once was pleasant to thine ear shall lull thee to repose—oh, we shall be very happy ! but hold—the holy Etienne desires me to place all my hopes in heaven, and says that I am going thither—well, that is heaven—me thinks I do not now wish for any other heaven.”

While she uttered this rhapsody, her eyes were glazed, her face was all swoln and inflamed with the violence of the fever, and she every now and then writhed with some inward and severe pain ; there was something shocking in the contrast between that diseased and apparently tortured form, and

the satisfaction of the spirit that animated it; the sensation it produced on the bystanders was scarcely to be borne, as her parched lips now distended in a joyous smile, and she sung a sweet and plaintive lullaby—oh! so sweet, so plaintive, it seemed unearthly melody: while she sung, she looked round anxiously, and motioned here and there with her hand, as if she would still a noise, and then drew the curtain of her bed, and looked fondly to a chair by the side, where she fancied her lover reposed, and settled a pillow that happened to be upon it, as if it were beneath his head, and then gently closed the curtain again, and seemed so pleased. She ceased to sing, and sunk, apparently exhausted, on the bed; a mournful pause ensued. She again raised herself, but a less agreeable train of images had taken possession of her fancy.

The child was sleeping quietly in its cradle by the side of the bed, but she had rolled up some of its clothes, which she
fancied

fancied to be it, and seemed endeavouring to still it.

"There, there!" she cried; "hush, hush! sleep, poor innocent—oh, would we could both sleep for ever!—poor thing, poor thing, thou art very ill, and very pale—thou art not quite so like him as thou wert some days ago, for he is fresh and ruddy, and well-favoured; but still his stamp is on thee, and even in death thy features will confess him."

She continued to gaze at the fancied child for some minutes, and then wildly snatching it up, put it to her breast, crying, "If thou drawest my heart's blood, I cannot see thee die."

She looked as if in great pain, then patted the head gently—"Poor fool! there is nothing there for thee. Alas! I am faint with hunger. Oh, man, man that I so fondly loved, to whom I sacrificed my innocence, and for whom I would have sacrificed my life—why, why hast thou left us to perish?"

M 5

Edward,

Edward, who had listened in silent agony, now suddenly rushed from the room, and returned almost immediately, accompanied by the pere Etienne. Luise had sunk into a kind of stupor; the pere, after the necessary inquiries as to what had produced such alarming symptoms, and having shaken his head when he heard of the consecrated vial, said that there was no immediate danger, but that in all probability the little span she had to live was still more contracted by the ill-judged remedy which had been applied; he then sent home for some medicine, and having forced a few drops of it into her mouth, she sunk, in the course of a few minutes, into a profound and quiet slumber, from which she awoke some hours afterwards, quite free from pain and fever, but in a state of great languor and weakness.

This too gave way, in some degree, to cordials judiciously administered; and Edward and Conrad both resolved, in the apprehension of destroying even the little
that

that remained of life, not to have recourse to any more supernatural remedies, however strong the evidence in their favour.

There was now nothing left for the penitent exile but to await tranquilly the inevitably approximating fate of the poor being he had destroyed. His existence was now valuable to him only because he could by his presence cheer the close of hers; and at one time he had determined, that duty fulfilled, to abandon it; but the example of patience and resignation that he had before his eyes, powerfully militated against this resolution, and infusing into his mind sentiments of religion, to which, in the days of his worldly prosperity, he had been an utter stranger, gradually weaned him from it; his mind too was becoming habituated to sombre and melancholy feelings, and even finding some enjoyment in the indulgence of them.

He was assured of the forgiveness of her whom he had injured—her memory, the memory of how she had loved him, and of
all

all she had suffered for his sake, should be his bosom's treasure, for what remained of life; and he would indulge the hope, that, atoning by unchanging penitence, by sufferings equal with her own, for the foul injustice he had done her, his spirit might yet mingle with hers in the regions of the blest.

After the trial of the petticoat, Luise was too weak to attend to the business of the shop, and it was accordingly confided to the care of a female relative of Conrad's. Luise, indeed, felt some twinges of conscience with regard to this arrangement at first, and was apprehensive that it was not so much her want of health, as her desire to spend her hours in uninterrupted converse with her loved betrayer, that had urged her to accept Conrad's proposal, and burthen with additional expence him who had done so much for her. But then, on the other hand, it was certain that she was very weak; and after all, what difference could it make, for the time she had to live? besides, she herself was now but little expence,

pence, for Edward seldom came but with abundant stores of the food he thought most grateful to her palate; (poor Luise thought any food was grateful, when so supplied.)

While she was reasoning thus, Edward came in, and while she drew his chair, and held his boy to him to kiss, she decided that she would impede, rather than promote the success of Conrad's business, by any efforts she might make for the latter purpose.

From this time Edward was never from her side. She was by nature industrious—she could not be altogether idle, and she begged to have his linen to make; he could not have had time lately to provide any. Edward had a sufficient stock, but he did not say so; he bought materials, in order to gratify her, and that it might supply memorials of her love. Luise set about her task with great diligence at first, but the work went slowly on; not that she was unequal to it, but she raised her head so often to see if the child, as he nursed him, lay
easy

easy in his arms, and so often renewed her instructions as to the manner in which he should hold him, and was so attentive, and apparently absorbed in the subject, if he read to her, though he sometimes found, when she looked most steadfastly at him, that she had missed the substance of a whole page.

Well was Luise fitted for the enjoyment of domestic happiness, when this faint image of it won her dying thoughts from heaven.

Edward thought no longer of the business which had brought him to D——, or the mortification he had experienced on his arrival ; Luise was now his world, his attendance on her was his sole employment. Her unvaried and complete contentment sometimes forced a ray of pleasure into his mind, and expelled the thoughts of her approaching dissolution ; but the reaction was painful ; and he was glad when she sunk into her midday slumber, over which he always watched, to ease his full heart by copious tears. When she awoke, and perceived

ceived that his eyes were red, she manifested a little uneasiness, but she did not reproach him, for she knew well that tears were not friendly to despair, and hoped they would preserve the protector of her boy.

One fine morning, Edward came rather earlier than usual to his sadly pleasing employment; he found Luise, with more than her wonted spirits, busily employed preparing for his reception; she had smoothed the carpet, and carefully blown the dust from every picture frame and chimney ornament; she had flung open the window, and the geraniums and myrtles that stood upon the ledge before it, newly watered by her hand, filled the small apartment, into which the morning sun was shining, with a pleasant fragrance; while a redbreast that she had rendered so tame as to pick crumbs from her hand, perched on the edge of one of the vases, warbled at intervals in low and plaintive notes.

Edward affectionately chid her for housewifery,

wifery, that must be so laborious for one so weak, but at the same time eyeing with a look of satisfaction the exquisite neatness which her labours had produced ; she perceived it, and bore his reprimand with a smile of triumph.

She was soon seated at her work ; the child slumbered in his cradle, and Edward took up a tale of love which he had left unfinished on the preceding day. He had read for a few minutes only, when Luise suddenly clapped her hand to her side, and complained of being seized by a sudden and acute pain.

He started up alarmed, and was about to call for assistance, when the poor invalid trying to stifle her sense of the pain she suffered, begged he would not leave her. He sat down again with some reluctance ; her countenance became convulsed, while ineffable tenderness seemed to struggle for a portion of its expression.

She rose, and for the first time since their meeting, flung herself into the arms of her lover ;

lover; with mingled consternation and affection, he pressed her to his bosom: "Again, again," said she, gasping for breath, "let me feel that pressure—strain me, strain me once more in that dear embrace! Oh, Heaven is good to me—I—I—I die circled in thy arms, pressed to thy heart, that again loves me. Remember Luise—cherish her babe!" Her hand till now had rested on her side; she threw it round his neck, raised her head from his shoulder, over which it had hung, pressed her pale lips, that now quivered with the pangs of death, to his, essayed once more to smile upon him, succeeded, and expired.

There is a low, unadorned mound in Rosemalde, the haunts of former happiness, and the steps of the exile are ever around it.

Oh, Sorrow! the happy fly thee, but thou art dear to the wretched; thy joy is terrible, but even the bitter infusion of remorse cannot quell it. With swollen heart and tear-filled eye, thou rushest impatient to that joy, as the health-reft mariner to the green

green isle that his fancy pictures in the depths of ocean ; and oh, how full of transport is the vision in which the lost for ever, the deeply-injured, may haply appear, their countenance clothed in peace and pardon, and stretching forth the hand of reconciliation, seem to waft the poor penitent to those regions of eternal light and eternal verdure which themselves inhabit !

END OF VOL. I.

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